MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

CUTTING AND CURING WHEAT EARLY.

The few who sowed winter wheat last fall, among us, met with two disasters—the drought in the fall, and winter-killing—so that there will not be much of that crop to cut in Maine. The disasters to the wheat were equally so to the grass, and even more so, for we have no doubt, if the facts could be ascertained, that there was proportionally twice as much grass destroyed by the drought and the winter frosts, as there was of wheat. Spring wheat looks exceedingly promising, and although it is not time to harvest by some weeks, we have been reminded of the subject of cutting it by an article by the editor of the Country Gentleman, in one of his recent numbers. It is a subject often discussed. We believe the true principle to be pursued is this: Wheat intended for seed should be suffered to become dead ripe; wheat intended for white fine flour should be cut before it is fairly ripe, indeed, before it is perfectly hard. This is conformable to the nature of things. Nature, when left to herself, sows the seeds of plants in this way. It hangs upon its parent stalk until perfectly ripe—until every part and ingredient is fully formed, and there is no part that requires or receives anything more from the main stock. It then falls off and drops upon the ground. It then contains all the required elements necessary for the sustenance of the young plant, before it can derive support from the soil, and at germination there is a full supply of material to be wrought upon by the chemical action which takes place at that period.

On the other hand, if the wheat be wanted for fine flour, it is well to cut it as soon as the starch is fully formed, and before it is changed in part to woody fibre, or bran, as it does in some degree if suffered to continue longer.

If cut when the kernel is in the dough state, it certainly makes better flour than if suffered to become dead ripe.

The writer above named seems to prefer stacking wheat out, to storing it in the barn, provided it be stacked as it ought to be. On this point he makes the following remarks:—

"A gentleman who has spent some time in Europe, said to us lately,—There is one thing in which the English *do* beat us, and no mistake, and that is in stacking their grain. They seldom put any grain in barns, and every farm has an enclosed portion of land near the barn, called a stack yard. In this they have strong wooden frames, placed two and a half to three feet above the ground, and resting on stone pillpillars, and capped so that mice or rats cannot get into the wheat stacks which are made upon the frames. They seldom stack any wheat upon the ground, but when they do it is astonishing what a difference there is at thrashing time, between it and the same kind of wheat placed on the frames, so that the air can penetrate through it."

To this remark of the traveller, the Editor adds,—"All this is true, and while we are happily under no necessity of using so much caution against dampness in stacking grain as the British farmer, yet we should do well to avoid the too common practice of stacking grain—hay—cornstalks, &c., on the bare ground. A few rails and some cord wood make excellent stack bottoms, when covered with a little straw, indeed they may be so placed as to make a temporary frame through which the air may circulate between the stack and the ground."

Our farmers have not for some years past raised very extensive crops of wheat, and they are generally in the habit of putting it into barns. Oftentimes these barns are so tight and close as to injure the wheat on account of lack of ventilation. The art of stacking out is not well understood among us in the interior of the State, as it is in those places where larger amounts of wheat are raised. We have seen it well done in some parts of the Aroostook in times past.

For the Maine Farmer.

TO EXTINGUISH FIRE.

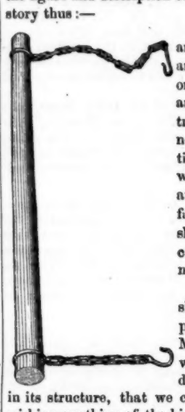
Mr. Editor:—Thinking that the substance of the following extract from Dick's work on "Diffusion of Knowledge," should be frequently published, that it may be fresh in the minds of all, I enclose it to you for publication.

Frankfort, July, 1855. Archibld Jones.

When the clothes of females take fire, as the fire generally begins at the lower parts of their dress, so long as they continue in an upright posture, the flames, naturally ascending, and meeting with additional fuel as they rise, become more powerful in proportion, whereby the neck, head, and other vital parts of the body are liable to be much injured; and by running from one part of the room to another, or from one apartment to another, as is most frequently the case the air which is the fuel of fire, gains free access to every part of their apparel, and feeds the increasing flame. In such cases, the sufferer should instantly throw her clothes over her head, and roll or lie upon them, in order to prevent the ascent of flames and fresh air. When this cannot conveniently be effected, she may still avoid great agony, and save her life, by throwing herself at full length on the floor, and rolling herself thereon. Though this method may not in every case completely extinguish the flame, it will, to a certainty, retard its progress, and prevent fatal injury to the vital parts. When assistance is at hand, the bystanders should immediately wrap a carpet, a hearth rug, a great coat or a blanket, around the head and body of the sufferer, who should be laid in a recumbent position, which will prove a certain preventive from danger.

STUMP PULLER.

As soon as haying is over, or at any rate before "snow flies," some of our thrifty farmers will want to get into some of their fields, and claw out the stumps and old snags; the remains of the former forest, which have been so long in their way. In order to assist them a little in this work, we give them a cut and description of a very simple contrivance for pulling stumps, which any one who has two strong chains and a stout log, can get up in a short time. We are indebted to the New England Farmer for the figure and description of it, and it give its story thus:—



"Here is a contrivance so simple that any farmer may make one before breakfast; and the cost is so trifling, that if it does not operate to his entire satisfaction, he will have no regrets at having given it a fair trial. We find it sketched in the Wisconsin and Iowa Farmer.

'We noticed a very simple contrivance for pulling stumps, which Mr. Edgerton says works very well indeed. It is so simple in its structure, that we commend it to those wishing anything of the kind. It consists of a log of strong timber, from ten to twelve inches in diameter at the large end, and eight to ten at the smaller, and about sixteen or twenty feet long. To the larger end is attached a very heavy chain, about three feet long, with a very large and strong hook at the free end, while at the other there is a ring sufficiently large to slip over the larger end of the log or lever. To the small end of the lever a yoke of cattle is hitched. The manner of using it is as simple as the machine, and acts on the principle of some toothhooks of the dentist. The large hook is caught hold of some of the stronger roots, and the cattle are then driven round the stump so as to wind up the short heavy chain, and then continue on in the even tenor of their way, till the stump gives itself and surrenders its position. Thus they are removed, easily and rapidly. A rough sketch of this '*cork screw*,' as it was technically called, we here give.'"

SUCCESSIVE CROPS OF CORN.

We hear of Indian corn being grown for a great number of years in succession on the bottom lands of some of the western rivers, and apparently no diminution in the amount of the crops. We know that this cannot be done on other lands. The reason, of course, must be this: the bottom lands are, in the first place, made up of finer particles than most other lands, and hence the roots of the corn come in contact with more surface of particles, and can draw nourishment more fully and equally; and in the second place, these lands contain an immense amount of the material or ingredients required to nourish or form the corn, and hence it will take a long series of years and successive crops to exhaust it. Our hard soils are of coarser texture, and do not contain so much of *corn food*, whatever it may be, as do those lands. And yet, agricultural skill and labor may accomplish by art what nature has denied. By supplying every year what has been taken away with the crop, and by pulverising and well working the soil so as to render its texture more fine, corn may be grown quite a number of years—indeed, any number of years in succession without any diminution of amount.

The experiments of Mr. Lawes, mentioned week before last in the Farmer in regard to his raising wheat eleven years in succession on one piece of land, and increasing instead of diminishing the crop, prove this.

The same course may be pursued with any crop, provided we know what is deficient in the soil, and what to supply. We find a communication in the Boston Cultivator of last week over the signature of C. M., touching upon this subject. The experiments there detailed are rather rough ones, but they seem to have been successful. The mode consists principally in returning a considerable part of the corn crop to the land again. The following is an extract from it. In addition to the corn stalks, we think the cobs, after the corn was shelled off, might be used.

"A few years ago while traveling south, I witnessed this mode of corn-culture carried to the greatest perfection on a fine plantation in Georgia, the sixth crop in succession having just been carried off the land, superior to any that I had before seen in the country. I had before visited for a couple of days a fine farm on the James river, and seen the hands busily engaged cutting the corn-crop close to the ground on a large field that was to form a portion of the regular wheat tilth for that year, but the weeds were so high and thick that it was impossible for the ploughs immediately following to bury them, although having to be drawn back and cleared every few yards; leaving the surface of the land after harrowing in the seedwheat, in hills and hollows, the manager giving it as his opinion that the yield at harvesting would not be more than three bushels per acre! This I saw on James river, while farther south I found the hands of a large plantation "hacking" hay on a corn-stubble, the crop, a miserable one, having been removed to an adjoining pasture, to afford room for this singular process, the manager calculating that the yield of what he termed hay, would be more than two tuns per acre, although the hands had been kept hoeing the corn-crop until they were prevented by the growth of the grass and weeds to continue it longer! Afterwards, on coming to the plantation first described, I determined to examine the way in which the cultivation was managed, which was as follows:

The plantation measured four hundred acres, one half being set apart for corn, the other for cotton, with no internal fence, or a division save a carriage road through it. Here the crop had been cut and removed, the stalks remaining two feet in height, with not a weed, scarcely, to be seen, each row of corn having occupied the centre of a high ridge five feet in width, with deep, intervening furrows, the owner informing me that soon these long stalks would be chopped a little below the surface of the land and be carefully placed along the open furrow, carts following, from which a portion of prepared compost would be spread on them, the ploughs throwing a double furrow on all; so to be left until the spring, when the corn would be planted on this ridge without any previous stirring, the sides of the old ridge being again thrown to and from during the season of working, leaving the next year's corn on what was now the furrow, a fallow crop. He remarked, this was the sixth crop in succession raised from the same land, and the best of all, while the cotton-crop had been cultivated in the same way with equal success, the stalks, after picking, having been beaten down and buried in the open furrows with an addition of compost and a turn of the plough following. Here too the land was as clean as a garden, the weeds having been exhausted by the mode of culture adopted, at the commencement of which course the corn would not average more than six or seven feet, but now reaching the height of ten or twelve; the height of the cotton, from three to four feet, had reached the height of seven feet, with a quality superior as the quantity. This is what I saw, and if it be true 'what man *has* done, man *may* do,' I must be excused for advocating the growth of corn on the same land any number of years in succession, without very extraordinary culture."

For the Maine Farmer.

RYE AND BONES.

Mr. Editor:—With this, I send you a few heads of rye, that is considered in this vicinity a new variety, inasmuch as it is four rowed instead of two.

I have not selected the largest heads, but about a fair medium sized lot from the whole piece—a large half acre—about one half of it is of this kind, and as it is a new thing with *us*, will you please inform us whether it is a common kind or variety with you or not; as you on the Kennebec would be likely to have it, if it was anything extra.

When I say that it is the handsomest piece of rye that I ever have seen on "old ground," I only use the language of others who have seen it.

I have other pieces of winter rye, as well as of wheat, but the frosts of winter made sad havoc amongst the roots of the same, and reduced it about one half in quantity.

This that I send you was grown on a light sandy soil, from which I took a mixed crop of potatoes and corn last season. If this species of rye is not a common variety, I will save it for seed, although I had intended to put it "through the mill" as quick as possible, for we are actually suffering for the good old-fashioned loaf of brown bread, that we have been deprived of for so long a time, for the want of a little *rye* to make it go well.

All of our growing crops bid fair, much beyond our expectation a month ago—fruit, especially. I cannot speak very encouragingly about apples. I am afraid we shall be disappointed in relation to an abundance of apples this fall—they seem to blight and fall from the tree prematurely; so that I think the apple crop will not exceed the last year's crop.

Stone fruit promises more abundant.

Cabbages will be cabbages in our *diggins* this fall, if there isn't a sudden stop put to a species of worm, that has suddenly sprung up among us, which destroys them very rapidly.

Our hay crop, to the disappointment of every body, will be better than last year, and a better "catch" of grass seed than of that sown last spring, never was.

By the way, I wanted to enquire about the *validity* of a certain theory, advanced last spring and winter, by the agricultural papers in general, about reducing bones to a consistency that would at once fit them for a profitable application to the soil—here is the substance of the recommendation:—

"Let a barrel or hogshead be set in some convenient place, wherein all the bones usually scattered from the kitchen may be collected. This will save the farmers' back yard from one source of offence, and his premises from the annoyance of prowling curs, if no more. Put in first a layer of ashes, and then spread on the bones—the more evenly the better—then add more ashes and sufficient water to keep them well moistened, but not so as to leach. Continue the addition of bones, keeping on sufficient ashes to cover them, and generally before the barrel is full, those at the bottom will become a soft, paste-like mass, readily cut with a shovel, and should then be mixed with the ashes. The whole forms an excellent application to almost any crop, either for field or garden. We have tried it upon the latter with the best effect, especially upon cabbages, turnips, beans, and various vines."

Now sir, I have a few hhds. and barrels put up last April, just as recommended, and if every bone isn't as hard as when put in, then I should be glad to know it!

Now Doctor, as we all consider you under an obligation to tell us all you know, and that is about everything, excepting who will be governor, I would thank you to tell me what I had better do with the bones and ashes, that I have "per bill" packed away so snugly. I have been thinking about having them ground in a plaster mill, but the miller says they cannot be. With all confidence I shall wait your counsel, and remain Truly yours, E. G. B.

Yarmouth, Me., July 23, 1855.

Note. The specimens of rye, received from friend Buxton, are very good. The variety (four rowed) is but little, if any, cultivated in our vicinity, and we think he had better forego a little "rye and *injun*" just now, and save this crop for seed. We speak for a couple of bushels of it, to sow this August.

As for his *bones*. Did he break them up fine, and were his ashes strong?

A better way would have been, to have leached his ashes, as in making soap, and after breaking up the bones, put them into the strong caustic lye.

Why do ashes, or the lye from ashes, corrode and disintegrate bones? Because the particles of bones are held together by gelatine, or, as it is more commonly called, glue. Caustic lye will dissolve this glue, and, as fast as it dissolves a particle of it, a particle of bone is let go and falls to powder. Probably, if the ashes were good which our friend used, the lye formed from them is too mild—that is, the carbonic acid, which materially belongs to it when with the ashes, has not been taken from it, and hence it will not dissolve the glue in the bones. Quick lime, mingled with the ashes, would have taken the carbonic acid to itself, and left the lye caustic. His good wife will tell him, when he sets up a leach tub for her, to put a little lime at the bottom of the ashes, so that the lye, as it trickles down through the ashes, shall run at last through the lime. The lime will *grab* the carbonic acid away from the lye, and let it run out strong (caustic). It will then, "eat" your *grease*—your *hands*, or your *bones*—or rather the glue on your bones. Now wouldn't it be a good plan, friend B., to draw off what lye there may be in your hogshead, and then pour out the ashes—pick out the bones—put some lime at the bottom of your hogshead—refill it with your ashes—pour back the lye and let it pass through again? As it passes through the lime, it will give up its carbonic acid to it, and be drawn off in a more caustic state. Then crack up your bones with an old axe, or beetle, or sledge—tumble them into the lye and let them crumble. Well, suppose we do all this, and the bones fall to powder, what is the lye good for? This will be a solution of glue and potash—what grease may have been in the bones, will also combine with the potash, and if boiled down, you will have a sort of soap. Now, all this matter is food for plants, and this mixture of glue soap, will be excellent to mingle with muck, or put into the compost heap; or, if left with the bone powder, will add to its value. Ed.

AGRICULTURE IN MAINE.

Mr. Editor: I have penned a few facts in regard to the agricultural interest of Maine, which you are at liberty to publish, if you feel so disposed. The present extravagant price of breadstuffs has at length aroused the farming community of this State from their agricultural lethargy, to a consciousness of their dependence on the southern and western States for bread. And they have resolved that if provisions retain their present prices another year, to be the gainers thereby. There has been more planted in Maine, this year, by one-third, perhaps I may be justified in saying one-half, than any previous year for ten years past; and I am led to suppose that Maine will now take a deeper interest in farming than she ever has before, from the fact, that for years past the agricultural portions of our State have had other resources than farming,—that of lumbering. Lumbering has been the chief cause of the neglect which a very largemajority of our farms exhibit. That, however, in most of our farming districts, is growing scarce. This, with the present high price of provisions, renders it highly necessary that our agricultural friends should take more interest and display more energy in farming than they have heretofore. A very large portion of our land has become exhausted and almost worthless from continually taking away from the soil, without returning anything in the shape of manures. Consequently an extra effort will have to be made to renovate such lands. Another hindrance to the promotion of agriculture in this State is, that a great many who farm it are decidedly behind the times. You talk to them of *muck*, which is a very common fertilizer, and they will deny its fertilizing qualities, and pronounce it one of the humbugs of book-farming.

Last winter I hauled a load of sawdust from a neighboring mill to litter my cattle with. One of my neighbors was present, who, perhaps, had farmed it fifty years; he inquired what use I should make of it; on learning that I was going to bed my cattle with it, he expressed much surprise, and inquired *if it would not spoil the manure*. There is an immense quantity of swamp land in Maine, which might be cleared and drained, and rendered very valuable as grass lands, which are considered by many as worthless, and are left for foul weeds and all kinds of shrubbery to spring up and *decorate* the farm. There are some, however, who appreciate the value of such lands, and are not afraid of investing a sum requisite to reclaim them into fine meadows of grass, which amply pay for their time and trouble, and a good profit besides.

Maine has every facility for becoming one of the first farming States of New England. Her soil is good—her sons hardy. But farming has been considered, here as elsewhere, a low occupation, and those that till the soil have been looked upon as little better than the slaves of the south. They begin, however, to look at it in a different light, and the time is not far distant when it will be considered a *science*, and brought on an equal with other professions. J. M.

Seasmont, Me., June 15, 1855.

[New England Farmer.

Hints for Gardeners. All growers of raspberries, gooseberries, blackberries, currants, &c., can secure their bushes against disease and unproductiveness, by *mulching the roots well*. Any old trash in the garden answers for this purpose—such as weeds, grass, leaves, and the scrapings from the avenues. It acts as an exterminator of weeds—as a cooler and moistener of the soil—and as the *best manure*, when it rots, that can possibly be applied. We never knew a gooseberry bush that had been properly thinned out, and not bound up too closely, showing *mildewed fruit*, or that did not bear abundantly every year. These mulchings should be applied three times in the season—in the spring, in midsummer, and late in the fall.

It should also be remembered, as it respects raspberries, that any grubbing or digging about their roots, should be carefully avoided. In nearly if not quite every instance where we have disturbed the roots of the raspberry, the stalks either perished over winter, or were so much injured as to be next to worthless the following season. [Germantown Telegraph.

From the London Spectator.

THE SONG OF THE RAIN.

Lo! the long slender spears, how they quiver and flash,
Where the clouds send their cavalry down;
Rank and file by the million the rain-lances dash
Over mountain and river and town:
Thick the battle-drops fall—but they drip not in blood;
The trophy to war is the green fresh bud:
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

The pastures lie baked, and the furrow is bare,
The wells they yawn empty and dry;
But a rushing of waters is heard in the air,
And a rainbow leaps out in the sky.
Hark! the heavy drops pelting the sycamore leaves,
How they wash the wide pavement, and sweep from the eaves!
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

See, the weaver throws open his one swinging pane,
The raindrops dash in on the floor,
And his wife brings her flower pots to drink the sweet rain,
On the step by her half-open door:
At the tune on the skylight, far over his head,
Smiles their poor crippled lad on his hospital bed.
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And away, far from men, where high mountains tower,
The little green mosses rejoice,
And the bud-bea1ed heather nods to the shower,
And the hill-torrents lift up their voice:
And the pools in the hollows mimic the fight
Of the rain, as their thousand points dart up in light:
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And deep in the fir-wood below, near the plain,
A single thrush pipes full and sweet,
How days of clear shining will come after rain,
Waving meadows, and thick-growing wheat:
So the voice of Hope sings, at the heart of our fears,
Of the harvest that springs from a great nation's tears:
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

FISHES AND THEIR MIGRATIONS.

For known and for unknown purposes, in the tiny mountain brooks and in the wide ocean, fishes are seen in unceasing motion, darting in all directions, traveling now single and now in shoals. Their regular journeys are mostly undertaken for the purpose of spawning; the delicate mackerel moves southward when its time comes, and the beautiful sardine of the Mediterranean goes in spring westward, and returns in autumn to the east. The sturgeon of northern Europe is seen singly to ascend the great rivers of the Continent, and the ornal or migatory salmon of the polar seas travels, we know not how, through river and lake, up into the Baikal, and there swims, in whimsical alternations, but always in immense crowds, first on the southern and then on the northern bank. The travels of the salmon are probably best known, because the fish was a favorite in the days of Pliny, and yet, strange enough, is found in every sea in the Arctic, near the equator, and off New Holland, only not in the Mediterranean. They press in large, triangular masses, up all the great northern rivers of Europe, Asia, and America. They enter Bohemia with Shakspeare by seas, sailing up the river Elbe; they approach Switzerland in the green waters of the Rhine, and even the foot of the Cordilleras, by a journey of 3,000 miles up the Amazon! Their crowds are not unfrequently so dense that they actually stem for a while the current of mighty rivers; still these bands are formed with great regularity. The strongest and largest females lead—a fact which will rejoice the strong-minded women of our age—followed by others of the same sex, traveling two and two, at regular intervals; after them come the males in like order. With a noise like the distant roaring of a storm, they rush up the stream, now sporting in easy, graceful motion, and now darting ahead with lightning speed that the eye cannot follow. Do they come to some rock or wall that impedes their way, they leap with incredible force, and repeat the effort until they have overcome the difficulty; it is even said that, at the foot of the cataracts, they will take their tail in their mouth and then suddenly letting it go, like an elastic spring, rise twelve or fifteen feet in the air. And thus they travel on, undismayed and untired, until they have found a suitable place for depositing their eggs, and with the same marvellous instinct return year after year, to the distant ocean.

The herring is a small, insignificant fish, yet it gives food to millions, and employment to not less than 3,000 decked vessels, not to speak of all the open boats employed in the same fishery. Where their home is, man does not know; it is only certain that they are not met with beyond a certain degree of northern latitute, and that the genuine herring never enters the Mediterranean, and hence remained unknown to the ancients. In April and June, all of a sudden, innumerable masses appears in the northern seas, forming vast banks, often thirty miles long and ten miles wide. Their depth has never been satisfactorily ascertained, and their denseness may be judged by the fact, that lances and harpoons thrust in between them sink not and move not, remain standing upright! Divided into bands, herrings also move in a certain order. Long before their arrival, already their coming is noticed by the flocks of sea-birds that watch them from on high, while sharks are seen to sport around them, and a thick oily substance is spread over their columns, coloring the sea in the daytime, and shining with a mild, mysterious light in the dark, still night. The seaape, the "monstrous chimera" of the learned, precedes them, and is hence by fishermen called the king of the herrings. Then there are first seen single males, often three or four days in advance of the great army; next follow the strongest and largest, and after them enormous shoals, countless like the sand on the sea-shore and the stars in the heaven. They seek places that abound in stones and marine plants, where to spawn, and like other animals they frequent the localities to which they have been accustomed at a regular time, so that they may be expected as surely as the sun rises and sets.

Other fishes have strange peculiarities connected with their travels. Thus, we are told that the mackerel spend their winter in, what would appear to others, a most uncomfortable position. In the Arctic as well as in the Mediterranean, as soon as winter comes, they deliberately plunge their head and the anterior part of their body into deep mud, keeping their tails erected, standing straight up. This position they do not change until spring, when they emerge, in incredible numbers, from their hiding-places and go southward for the purpose of depositing their eggs in more genial waters. Still they are so firmly wedded to this element that they die the instant they are taken out of the water, and then shine with phosphorescent light.

The eel is the strangest of travelling fishes; he even performs journeys on land. In hot, dry summers, when ponds and pools are exhausted, he boldly leaves his home, and winding through thick grass, makes his way by night to the nearest water. He is a great gourmand, moreover, and loves young tender peas so dearly that he will leave the river itself and climb up steep banks to satisfy his desire, and, alas! to fall into the snares of wicked men. Other fishes travel in large crowds all night long, and a perch in Tranquebar not only creeps on shore, but actually climbs up tall fan-palms, in pursuit of certain shell-fish, which form its favorite food. Covered with viscid slime, he glides smoothly over the rough bark; spines, which he may sheath and unfold at will, serve him like hands to hang by, and with the aid of side fins and a powerful tail he pushes himself upward, thus completing the strange picture of fish and shell-fish dwelling high on lofty trees. [Putnam's Monthly.

WHERE MOSQUITOES COME FROM.

A writer on entomology, discussing about these summer pests, thus handles the subject:

"The mosquito proceeds from the animalcule commonly termed the "wiggle-tail." I took a bowl of clean water and set it in the sun. In a few days some half-dozen wiggle-tails were visible. These continued to increase in size till they were about 3-16ths of an inch in length. As they approached their maturity they remained longer at the surface, seeming to live in the two mediums—air and water;—finally, they assumed the form of a minute caterpillar. And thus its specific gravity being counteracted, or lightened, it readily floated to the surface, and the slightest breath of air wafted it against the side of the bowl. In a very brief space of time afterwards, the warm atmosphere hatched out the fly, and it escaped, leaving its tiny house upon the water. How beautiful, yet how simple!

After the water had gone through this process, I found it perfectly free from animalculæ. I therefore came to the conclusion that this wiggle-tail is a species of the shark, who, having devoured whole tribes of animalculeæ, takes to himself wings and escapes into a different medium to torture mankind, and deposit eggs upon the water to produce other mosquitoes.

Any man who has "kept house," with a cistern in the yard, has doubtless observed the same effect every summer. Open your cistern cover any morning in the mosquito season, and millions of them will fly up in your face. Close the windows of your room at night, at the risk of being smothered for want of air, being careful at the same time previously to exclude every mosquito, and go to bed with a pitcher of that same cistern water in the room, and enough will breed from it during the night to give you any satisfactory amount of trouble. In fact, standing by a shallow, half-stagnant pool, in a midsummer's day, you may see the wiggle-tails become perfectly developed mosquitoes, and they will rise from the surface of the water, and fly into your face and sting you. What it is necessary to know at this day is—has there yet been discovered any positive exterminator of that infernal pest, and disturber of night's slumbers, the mosquito?

Worth Knowing. One pound of green copperas (cost seven cents) dissolved in one quart of water and poured down a privy, will effectually concentrate and destroy the foulest smells. For water closets on board ships and steamboats, about hotels and other places, there is nothing so nice to cleanse and purify those places, as simple green copperas, dissolved; and for sick rooms, it may be placed under the bed in any thing which will hold water, and thus render a hospital or other places of the sick, free from unpleasant smells. For butchers' stalls, fish markets, slaughter houses, sinks, and wherever there are putrid and offensive gases, dissolve copperas and sprinkle it about, and in a few days the "bad smell" will pass away. If a cat, rat or mouse dies about the house and sends forth an offensive gas, place some dissolved copperas in a cup or jar, anywhere within "smelling distance," and the cure is sure. I have known a stock of dry goods which were nearly spoiled by a "skunk" under a store, to be cleaned and restored simply by sprinkling dissolved copperas about the floor. [Salem Gazette.

London Currants. A writer in the *Horticulturist* speaks of the fine currants of the market gardens near London, which are grown in the following manner: They are planted in rows twenty or thirty feet apart, and three or four feet apart in the rows; the ground which is naturally good is highly manured, and cropped between with vegetables. When the plants commence bearing, they are pruned very hard; the greater part of the young wood is thinned out, and what is allowed to remain is shortened back to three or four inches. By this means the trees are always kept short, never attaining a greater height than two or three feet. These strong manured and well-pruned trees produce magnificent fruit, and in great abundance, well remunerating the market gardener for his trouble.

New Hay Press. A patent has been granted to a man in Illinois for a new hay press. It presses the bales into a square form, and the levers act so as to press them when moving both forwards and backwards; that is, no time is lost when one bale is pressed, in returning the followers to the point where they commenced, to press in the box a second bale from the point where they commenced to return. There is no time lost, therefore, in running back the followers and hooping the bale, as this is done while the box is being filled for the succeeding bale.

Cultivated, and Uncultivated Land in Great Britain. There are under cultivation in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and the British Islands, 46,522,770 acres of land; capable of improvement, 15,000,000 of acres; and land considered unprofitable, 15,871,463 acres.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Blackberry Diarrhœa Cordial. The following is said to be not only an excellent and pleasant beverage, but a cure for the diarrhœa, &c.:

Recipe. To half a bushel of blackberries, well mashed, add ¼ pound allspice, 3 oz. cinnamon, 3 oz. cloves. Pulverize well, mix, and boil slowly until properly done. Then strain or squeeze the juice through homespun or flannel, and add to each pint of the juice one pound of loaf sugar; boil again for some time; skim off, and while cooling, add half a gallon of the best Cognac brandy. Dose: For an adult, half a gill; for a child, a teaspoonful or more, according to age.

Pine Apple Jelly. Take a perfectly ripe and sound pine-apple, cut off the outside, cut it in small pieces; bruise them, and to each pound put a tea-cup of water; put it in a preserving-kettle over the fire, cover the kettle and boil twenty minutes; then strain it, and squeeze it through a bit of muslin. For each pound of fruit take a pound of sugar; put a tea-cup of water to each pound; set it over the fire until it is dissolved; then add the pine-apple juice.—For each quart of the syrup, clarify an ounce of the best isinglass, and stir it in; let it boil until, by taking some on a plate to cool, you find it a stiff jelly. Secure it as directed.

A New Preserve. A correspondent sends us the following: "I have lately been very busy making a new kind of preserve, which, I may say, is quite a discovery, to me at least, and which promises to insure me a plentiful supply of good, wholesome jam for my family during the winter, at a price below the usual cost of preserves. I was, the other day, making some ordinary apple jam, and before finishing it, I put in some blackberry juice, in order to give it a little color, and I was surprised at finding how much the preserve was improved by the addition; so much so, that it might be mistaken for damson jam. As you will see by the following proportions, the cost must be very small, wherever apples and blackberries are to be got. I put two quarts of the juice of blackberries—that is, I bring the berries up to a simmer for five minutes, and then strain them through a coarse cloth—and about six pounds' weight of cut-up apples, and one pound of crushed lump-sugar, and stew it up in a usual way, till the apples are softened down, and the mass becomes of the usual thickness. It is wholesome and good, and I thought that what was within any one's reach ought to be known." [Godey's Lady's Book.

Summer Snowballs. Simmer half a pound of rice until it is tender, then strain it. Take five or six apples, of middling size, pare them and take out the core with a small knife or apple scoop, but do not cut them into sections. Into the hollow made by cutting out the core, put sugar and a little allspice. Divide the rice into a portion for each apple, and tie them separately in a small cloth, and boil an hour.—These dumplings, or snowballs, may be served with sweet sauce, or eaten with simple sugar or treacle.

Buff Color on Cotton. Copperas and lime makes a very good buff color, and very cheap. The goods are generally run through the lime water at the commencement. About one pound of copperas (sulphate of iron) will dye ten pounds of cotton a deep buff. It is best to give the goods a number of dips. A dark buff cannot be produced by giving the full strength of the iron at one dip. The color is an oxyde of iron. The goods are of a green color when they come out of the copperas liquor, but become yellowish as they absorb oxygen from the air.—They have therefore to be aired well every dip. The lime and copperas impart a harshness to the goods, and they therefore require to be run through strong soap suds, to soften their fibre.

By adding about two ounces of sugar of lead to every pound of copperas, a color little inferior to that produced by the nitrate of iron is the result. [Scientific American.

Warts. The oil from the outside shell of walnuts or butternuts will cure warts by a few applications.

Cure for Wasp Stings. Some unfortunate, last year, while picking peaches, was stung in the finger by a yellow wasp. The wound caused effusion of blood, and inflamed the arm to the shoulder. Saleratus, made into a *paste* with water, was soon applied as a poultice, and in half an hour had so completely neutralized the acid poison, that the swelling had entirely gone down, and nothing remained but the soreness occasioned by the puncture. This application has proved better than liquid ammonia, so far as a limited trial has proved, and is probably the best remedy for stings generally. It is important that the nearest alkaline substance at hand should be applied till a better can be found whether it be ammonia, or even paste of fresh ashes. In the absence of all these, a mud poultice is an excellent remedy. [Buffalo Democracy.

To prevent Fruit Trees from Splitting. For preventing forked fruit trees from splitting under their weight of fruit, Isaac Lewis of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, has given us his plan. "My plan," he writes, "which I have followed for thirty years, is this: When I find a forked tree that is likely to split, I look for a small limb on each fork, and clean them of leaves and lateral branches for most of their length. I then carefully bring them together and wind them round each other from one main branch to the other. In twelve months they will have united, and in two years the ends can be cut off. The brace will grow as fast as any other part of the tree, and is a perfect security from splitting. I have them now of all sizes, and I scarcely ever knew one to fail to grow."

Rolling Clover Seed in Plaster. It is said that if clover is moistened with water and then dried by rolling it in plaster, the effect is decidedly beneficial. A friend informs us that he has adopted this practice for years, and with marked improvement in his clover crop. It is not much trouble, and is worth a trial.

By driving your business before, and not permitting your business to drive you, you will have opportunities to indulge in the luxuries of well applied leisure.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

MAINE FARMER

AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 2, 1855.

FLOUR MONOPOLIZERS.

Monopolies in any thing are always odious, but monopolizing breadstuffs, or an attempt to do it, is infamous. Fair business transactions in flour and breadstuffs, based upon the actual supply and demand, are honorable and useful; but when speculators combine together to attempt to monopolize the crop, or to devise ways and means to stop the influx of it into the markets any faster than they may say, in order to control the prices, and put them up higher than the natural laws of trade would allow, we would say "cursed be your basket and your *store*." You are speculating in the life of the poor. Speculate, if you please, in calicoes and silks and laces—in lands or stocks; drive as keen and profitable bargains as you can, in any of the luxuries and fancies, and in things not necessary to the existence of man, but keep your unhallowed hands from withholding food from hungry thousands by any arts, or by ill-gotten power.

That there is such an inclination amongst a certain set of flour speculators, is abundantly manifest. Last year, the lack of abundant crops was an *abundant harvest* to them. It was natural that breadstuffs should be high in price, but by their arts of combination, they have kept the price up beyond what it naturally should be. This year, the crops have already rolled in a heavy supply of wheat in many parts, and from the whole length and breadth of the land, the growing crops of all kinds, promise a still greater supply of different kinds of eatables. Fearing from these indications, that their craft was in danger, it appears that a large body of these heartless speculators have had a secret conclave, in order to devise ways and means to *keep up the price of breadstuffs*. Instead of being thankful for such bountiful harvests, they wish to circumvent the blessed liberality of heaven itself, and to keep their grip on the "staff of life" and grind the face of the poor into the dust, by keeping up the exorbitant prices of flour and grain. In doing this, they have developed the avarice of their hearts and their desire to get rich out of the necessities of the poor.

There is one game that in some sections, we have been told, has been played and will probably be played again—that is, to get command of the means of transportation, such as the freight cars of railroads, canal boats, &c. &c., and thus allow the supplies to came no faster than they permit. Whether this will again be attempted, or if attempted will succeed, remains to be seen. One thing is pretty certain, judging from the appearance of crops in Maine, there will not be so much called for from abroad to supply us, by a good many thousands of dollars as last year. A vast deal more has been planted, and that *more* will yield a good supply and curtail largely the demand for outside produce, and all this will help reduce the price of breadstuffs down to a reasonable figure.

BILE OR GALL.

A subscriber who writes requesting the best process for purifying bile or gall, to be used in combination with coloring matters for water colors, is informed that we are not acquainted with this process practically. What little we ever used any of it for that purpose, was in its natural state, after having been allowed to settle in a glass vessel for a day or two, and the clearest part poured off.

An old recipe we have by us, given by one who had used it considerably, recommends to put the clearest part that is poured off, into a dish, and expose to boiling heat for a short time, or until it becomes thick; then take it off and spread it on earthen plates and dry it before the fire. It may then be preserved any length of time, and when needed for use, dissolve in water such quantities as may be needed.

Another recipe was also given us to render it colorless, but we have never tried it. If our friend is desirous of experimenting with it, we give it to him and others, to attend to at their leisure:—

Boil a pint of gall and skim it, and add an ounce of alum in powder. Boil another pint and add an ounce of common salt. Keep the mixture on the fire until the alum is dissolved. Pour it into a bottle, when cool, and let it stand ten or fifteen minutes, loosely corked. When fully settled, pour off the clear parts of both, and put them together—the salt and the alum—the coloring matter will settle and the gall become colorless. Suppose our friend should strain gall through animal charcoal, (Ivory black for instance,) possibly this would dissolve it.

REPAIRS OF THE DAM.

THE DAM. The work of rebuilding the lost portion of the dam is rapidly progressing. The bridges necessary have all been built, and vast quantities of stone have already been placed upon the remaining part ready for use. One section forty feet in width has been framed and sunk, and it is confidentially believed that a sure foundation has been reached. The charge of this repair is committed to Henry William, Esq., under whose energetic management, we doubt not it will be carried rapidly to completion. Within sixty days, at farthest, we apprehend the "Old Kennebec" will find itself forever checked in its course, and its only passage will be over the top of the dam. It will be a pleasant sound to hear once more the merry rattle and whirl of the machinery now waiting for its propelling power. [Age.

We took a walk up to the Dam the other day, and found the work of repair going on strong and lively. The Old Kennebec in his chafing has worn a deep hole, but there is rock and lumber enough close by to fill it up, and skill enough in the operatives to bind them together into a permanent dam. We also have had improvements going on at the Mills on Bridge's stream. Mr. Bridge has put up a durable and substantial stone dam and is putting his mill into thorough repair, has put in two new wheels of the best kind, and two runs of stones, and will have it ready for grinding in the course of this week, so that we shall no longer be dependent on other towns for a chance to get our wheat made into flour, or corn into meal.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS. Our agent, Mr. S. N. TABER, will call upon subscribers in Penobscot county during the month of August. He is duly authorized to collect moneys and receive subscriptions for the Maine Farmer. 2w.

WRECK OF THE OCEAN. The hull, machinery, &c., of the steamer Ocean, destroyed by fire last fall, was sold at auction on Thursday last, for the sum of $1610, in cash.

GIBBON'S REPORT. Our thanks are due to Hon. S. P. Benson, for Part 2d, of Lt. Gibbon's report of Exploration of the valley of the Amazon. It is a very interesting report.

KANSAS NEWS.

We noticed in our last the organization of the Kansas Legislature. Since then we have received the names of its members, with their political classification. There are twenty-six members, as follows:—

PRO-SLAVERY MEMBERS. Messrs. Anderson, Banks, Kirk, McGee, McMeekin, Payne, Scott, Ward, and Williams, of Kentucky; Blair and Wilkinson, of Tennessee; Brown and Mathias, of Maryland; Croysdale, Wade, Whitlock and Younger, of Missouri; Harris, Haskell, Marshall, Tubbs, and Weadle, of Virginia; Johnson, of Kansas; Waterson, of Pennsylvania.

FREE STATE. Houston, of Ohio.

The officers, who are all of the pro-slavery party, are as follows:—

J. Stringfellow, Speaker, Virginia; J. Lyle, Chief Clerk, Kentucky; Martin, Assistant Clerk, Tennessee; B. Simmons, Enrolling Clerk, Tennessee; J. M. Fox, Engrossing Clerk, Kentucky; T. J. B. Cramer, Sergeant-at-Arms, Virginia; B. P. Campbell, Door Keeper, New York.

By the way of St. Louis, Kansas dates to the 23d ult., state that Gov. Reeder had vetoed all the bills yet passed by the Legislature and presented to him for his signature, on the ground that the removal of the Legislature to Shawnee Mission was illegal, and in direct contravention of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. He considers the bills, in themselves, as not objectionable. The vetoed bills were all repassed, by large majorities.

Later dates, to the 26th, state that "The committee appointed by the Legislature to draw up a memorial to the President for the removal of Governor Reeder, reported yesterday. The memorial sets forth the various complaints against Gov. Reeder, calling him a clog to the wheels of government, and praying for his speedy removal."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE. We have here the first number of a work that is destined to take the first rank among the monthlies. Compiled from the very best sources of American and foreign literature, suited alike for the student, the seeker for pleasure, or the home circle, it will be received with favor by the public. The number before us contains, among other articles, the following:—"Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, from the North British Review, highly interesting; "Alwyn's First Wife," a touching story; "Bread Cast upon the Waters;" "Lizzie Farren's Christmas Eves;" "The Emperor Nicholas," an interesting biography of the late Czar; "Zaidee, a Romance;" "Sister Anne;" and "Macaulay and Kirke White." We give the enterprising proprietors, than whom none better know how to cater for the public taste, our best wishes for the success of their new venture in the literary world. Published monthly, 144 pages, for $3 per annum. Boston: Littell, Son & Co.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY. Putnam's for August furnishes its readers with a perfect feast. It opens with a paper on "Turkish Wars of Former Times," in which Capt. John Smith figures largely, and which will be found to well repay a perusal. "My Lost Youth," is a poem, attributed, we think, to Longfellow, in which he describes Portland and Deering's Woods. Then follow "The Bell Tower;' "Unknown Tongues—The Language of Animals;" "About Babies;" "Life among the Mormons;" "The River Fisheries of North America—The Artificial Propagation of Fish;" "Living in the Country;" "The Armies of Europe;" &c. Dix & Edwards, New York, publishers: $3 per annum.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. The table of contents for July embraces the following articles:—"The Imperial Policy of Russia—Part I;" "Zaidee—A Romance.—Part VIII;" "Notes on Canada and the North-West States of America.—Part IV;" "Letter to Eusebius;" "Modern Light Literature—Theology;" "Vernier;" "The Story of the Campaign. Written in a Tent in the Crimea.—Part VIII;" "Two Years of the Condemned Cabinet;" "Administrative Reform—The Civil Service." New York: L. Scott & Co., publishers. Terms $3 per annum.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. The August number of this work has a fine steel engraving, "The Widow," with a story in explanaion, a large number of illustrations of fancy needle work, &c. We are much obliged to friend Godey for his "Receipts for Summer Beverages," and would recommend them to our friends. Price only 12 cts., and sent free of postage.

NEW YORK JOURNAL. This work offers its readers a number of very interesting articles, tales, &c., for the present month, with several engravings. Published in New York by Frank Leslie, at $2 per annum.

FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES. If any of our readers wish to learn the best and easiest way of preserving all kinds of fruits and vegetables, let them send four postage stamps to T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, and he will send them a book with all the necessary information.

PIC-NIC EXCURSIONS.

The present being the most favorable part of the season for pic-nics and excursions, is being well improved by schools and parties of pleasure. On Tuesday of last week, we were visited by a large number of the pupils of the public schools in Brunswick, accompanied by many of their parents and friends. We understand they spent the day here very pleasantly, returning home by the afternoon train.

On Thursday, the Sabbath Schools of the Universalist and Methodist Societies of this city, had their annual pic-nic. The former, to the amount of some 200, proceeded over the S. & K. Railroad to Getchell's Corner, whence they walked to Oak Grove, being there joined by their Vassalboro' friends. We understand they had a fine time.

The Methodist Society took possession of the steamer Teazer, which was well filled, and proceeded down river to Swan's Island, where they landed, and spent the day very pleasantly, returning in the Teazer, in the evening. The weather was delightful, up river and down, and the excursion, by rail and water, was highly pleasing to the children.

OPENING OF THE PENOBSCOT AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD. The Bangor Mercury of Monday, July 53, stated that the next day an engine would proceed over the whole length of the road, to Waterville, and bring to Bangor the passenger cars made for the company. It also understands that regular trains will commence running between Bangor and Waterville to-day, (July 30,) by which passengers leaving Bangor at 8 o'clock, A. M., may arrive in Boston the same evening.

CLEANING OUT THE CHANNEL. The work of deepening the channel of the river is going on. The Hallowell Gazette, of the 28th, says:—

"The Government Barges under the direction of Capt. Geo. Williams, of Augusta, have been employed for the past week in removing obstructions from the channel of the river in the vicinity of the mill brook."

ADDRESS BEFORE THE STATE AG. SOCIETY. It gives us pleasure to state that Prof. J. A. Nash, of Amherst Mass., has consented to deliver the address before the Maine State Agricultual Society, at their Show, on the 27th of Sept. next. Prof. Nash is author of the book entitled the "Progressive Farmer," and editor of "The Farmer" published monthly at Amherst, Mass.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

Favorable weather the past few weeks has pushed vegetation forward rapidly. The crops of all kinds in this vicinity promise well. From different parts of the State, also, we have highly favorable accounts of the farmer's prospects. The shortness of the hay crop, generally, did not prevent some cases of *tall grass*, a fine bundle of which, of different kinds was presented to us, a few days since by Mr. Frederic Aborn, of this city. Capt. L. W. Glidden, of Etna, sends us a head of herdsgrass eleven and one-half inches in length.

The Lincoln Democrat speaks of the crops in that section as follows:—

"Last week was a most admirable one for the work of the season, and a large proportion of our hay crop was secured in capital order. We regret to learn that this crop will not be so large as last year, though the quality is represented as much superior. The other crops are growing finely, and promise an abundant harvest."

With regard to the crops in York county, the Biddeford Union says:—

"Vegetation is exceedingly rich in its growth this year. The warm weather, accompanied, as it has been, with frequent showers, has put vegetation of all kinds ahead with unusual rapidity. Corn looks finely, and promises an abundant crop. The weather has not been very favorable to hay-making, but it has been good for everything else in the way of Agriculture. The fields in the country and the gardens in the city never looked more beautiful, or promised larger crops. On Monday, we saw measured, peas, which had attained the height of eight feet, and looked as if they might go yet several feet higher. They were in the garden of E. H. C. Hooper, of our city, and of the Champion variety, and the best pea which can be raised."

The Rockland Gazette states that the farmers in that vicinity appear to be in the midst of haying, and learns that the crop is coming in quite abundantly. The other crops, such as grain, potatoes, &c., also promise well.

The Lewiston Falls Journal, of the 21st, has the following:—

"Every article of vegetation in this section is pushing ahead at a rapid rate, and ere one month there must be a great decrease in the price of provisions of every kind. The prospect for a large quantity of hay never was better. In many fields the grass looked as green and vigorous as it has during any time this season. In other fields where it was being cut and made into hay, it shew an almost unprecedentedly large yield. We saw several fields of wheat which might well excite the envy of any Genesee wheat raiser. The appearance of one field in particular, convinced us that all that is necessary to enable Maine to raise her own flour is a more careful and systematic cultivation of this great staple. Potatoes, too, that succulent vegetable which imparts such a zest to an Irishman's existence, never looked more flourishing."

From Oxford county the State of Maine has reports that the crops are coming in finely, and that the country was never in a finer condition for harvest.

Referring to the general prospects for harvest throughout the State, the Portland Advertiser says:—

"From gentlemen who have been in different parts of the State, we learn that crops of all kinds never looked better at this time of the year. The hay crop is as good as it possibly could be, considering the drought of the two previous years. As the grass is not yet done growing, farmers appear in no hurry to cut it. Potatoes are well bottomed and corn is fast making up for the coldness of June."

So much for Maine. Accounts from other parts of the Union are quite as favorable. A leading firm in Cincinnati having issued a circular to their Western correspondents, asking for information on the state of the crops, report the following result:—

"In reply to a circular of inquiry, issued three weeks since to our Western correspondents, in regard to the crops, we have some two hundred letters from parties who have taken pains to inform themselves on the subject, and whose judgment can be relied on. There is a small strip of country in Central Indiana and Northern Ohio where the late frosts and heavy rains did some damage to the wheat and corn, but from all other parts of the West we have the most favorable reports. With the single exception of Beef Cattle—which appear to be scarce—this year's crop (now mostly harvested and safe) will be the largest in yield, and the best in quality, ever before grown."

The Buffalo Republican, speaking of the wheat-crop, makes the following estimate:—

"The increase of the crop of wheat this year will be twenty-two millions of bushels more than in 1850, and forty millions more than last year. According to this calculation the yield will be 114,500,000 bushels in the grain growing States. In this connection it must also be remembered that the exhaustion of wheat last year was attributable in a large degree to the failure of other crops as well as to that of this grain. There was not a full crop of any cereal, and in addition to this, there was not more than one fourth of a crop of vegetables. Consequently, wheat was consumed to a much greater extent than it would have otherwise have been. This year, we have not only an average crop of wheat, but the crops of other grains, and all kinds of vegetables, promise to be unusually large. There must be an abundant supply of all kinds of provisions for home consumption, and a large surplus for export if required."

We think our readers may feel confident of a material decline in the prices of breadstuffs. Speculators, who have attempted to control the supply and prices of flour and grain, will find that they have undertaken a task beyond their powers to accomplish. But a few days since, a number of speculators who had stored a large amount of corn in New Orleans, bought at $1,10, were forced to sell at 85 cts., to avoid further loss. Flour, purchased at $10,00 has been offered in New York for $7,00, without purchasers, and buyers refused to contract for flour from new wheat at $5,00, delivered after the harvest. These are good tidings.

We shall continue our reports of the prospects of the harvest, as it is a subject in which all our readers are interested.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION IN RHODE ISLAND. There is to be a grand Agricultural Exhibition in Providence, R. I., commencing on the 11th of September, and continuing a week, which bids fair, so far as horses are concerned, to take the lead of anything of the kind yet attempted. Competition is open to all the States and British Provinces. As the great feature of the exhibition is to be the horse, the show of cattle, sheep, swine and poultry and the ploughing match, is confined to the first day. A sale by auction will take place on the last day. This, it is thought will be an inducement to distant owners having fine horses to dispose of to send them for exhibition. Arrangements will probably be made with most of the railroads to convey passengers and stock at reduced rates, and we hope that our neighbors of "Little Rhody" may have a general attendance, and reap a rich reward for their enterprise. Seven thousand dollars are appropriated by the State for the payment of premiums and expenses.

CHANGE OF LEVEL. The Brunswick Telegraph states that a body of workmen engaged in sinking a large resorvoir at the foot of the Mall, in that town, found, at a depth of fifteen feet from the surface, indisputable evidence that the tides of the ocean had once ebbed and flowed upon that spot. Such signs are sometimes found at much greater distances from the coast, and farther from the surface of the earth.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE LATE ACCIDENT AT NO. VASSALBORO'.

MR. EDITOR:—I see by a communication in your paper of July 12th, that Benj. G. Weeks of Vassalboro', was killed at Getchell's Corner on the afternoon of the fourth; that he had a gun loaded with buck shot, and was standing with his hand upon the muzzle of the gun, and leaning his head upon his hand, when in some manner the gun was discharged and the charge entered his head, killing him instantly.

Who your informant may be I know not, but allow me to say, that in this unfortunate tragedy, the facts widely differ from the account published in your and all other papers. The facts are these:—

There was understood to be a celebration at North Vassalboro', on the fourth inst., and B. G. Weeks was there, with his gun loaded with powder, when he was solicited by Alonzo for the gun. He stated to him that the gun was heavily charged, and he would fire it and then he might have it, as he chose to fire it himself, and was attempting to move out of the circle to consummate that object, when Mr. Freeman Johnson stooped down and carelessly cocked and fired the gun, (as was abundantly proved before the coroner's inquest, together with his own admission,) the contents putting out one of his eyes and entering his head, killing him instantly. There was no mutilation of any other part of the body.

I also saw in the Waterville Mail of July 12, a notice signed by a number of citizens of N. Vassalboro', alleging the cause of the accident to intemperance. Although they acknowledge the young man strictly temperate, still they are pleased to say that it is a well known fact to many, that a number of persons in the immediate vicinity of the deceased, appeared to be under the influence of liquor, he residing in the East part of the town, some three miles distant. In answer, I must say that a more temperate, law-abiding, peace-loving neighborhood cannot be found in the county. Although about all my neighbors were present, I am satisfied no one tasted any intoxicating liquor for the day. At any rate, there is no man in this section who has the name of being intemperate. I deem it due to myself, to my family and friends, to correct these mis-statements that are going the rounds of the press, believing in the fullness of time that an impartial and unprejudiced community will not hesitate to report the facts in the case, without fear, affectation, or favor.

REUBEN WEEKS.

East Vassalboro', July 16, 1855.

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

Something New under the Sun. We have before us, says the Boston Traveller, a sample of corn, from a lot of two hundred and ninety-three bags brought to this city a few days since in barque Tally Ho, from Winnebah, coast of Africa! The importation of this useful article from that quarter, is a circumstance we never before heard of. The corn resembles our white Southern corn, but the kernels are somewhat smaller. It is said to weigh well.

Important Decision Regarding the Bridging of Common Roads. The Roxbury Times says, "we understand that the Superior Court of Massachusetts has decided, in case of the City of Roxbury vs. the Boston & Providence Railway Company, that the Railway Company is not bound to bridge the crossing on the main road in Roxbury. The grounds of the decision were these: That the City having once allowed the construction of the railway track on the level, has not the right to require the company afterwards to bridge the crossing.

The Sandwich Islands. The Washington correspondent of the New York Courier states that the recent convention concluded by Mr. Lee, the Minister from the Sandwich Islands to our government, had for its main object the investment of our Commissioner and Consuls with powers and jurisdiction over American residents, who, like other foreigners, are too much disposed to set at defiance the authority of the native government.

Pennsylvania Public Works put up at Auction. Philadelphia, July 24. About 300 persons assembled in the Exchange this evening, to witness the sale of the main line of our public works. Governor Pollock and other State officials were present. The auctioneer stated the terms of the sale, and that no bid less than $7,500,000 could be received. He then proposed $15,000,000 and gradually descended to $7,500,000 without receiving a single bid. After a delay of some time the sale was adjourned *sine die*.

Pardons by the President. The President has pardoned six riotous boys, who were in jail for bad behavior; also remitted the residue of the imprisonment of five U. S. seamen, confined in the Penitentiary of the District of Columbia under sentence of court-martial, for mutinous conduct and language.

Property and Taxation in New York. The aggregate value of the real and personal property in the city of New York, as assessed for the year 1855, is $486,998,278, being an increase of $24,712,487 over the valuation of last year. The rate of tax is about one hundred and twenty cents on every one hundred dollars, making a levy of nearly six millions of dollars for the support of the municipal government of one single city. Estimating the population at 750,000, the tax is about eight dollars for every man, woman, and child in the city.

Liquor Stolen. The Calais Advertiser says that the "city Lockup" was broken into, on the night of the 12th ult., and 14 out of 18 casks of liquor stored there by the City Marshal, were carried off. A reward of $300, is offered by the authorities, for the discovery and conviction of the rogues.

Launched. On Monday, 16th ult., a fine bark of 1000 tons, called the "San Jacinto," from the yard of Wm. S. Grant of Farmingdale.

Child Drowned. At Kendall's Mills, on Monday of last week, a little child of Mr. Lambert, two or three years old, was drowned by falling into a cistern.

The steamer America. The steamer America, which was burned at Crescent City, was on her way from San Francisco to Puget's Sound, and had on board a company of U. S. Infantry, numbering 132 men, under command of Major Prince. The steamer came to anchor at Crescent City, and was on the point of departure on her voyage when she was found to be on fire, and she burned to the water's edge in a very short time. The fire is supposed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion. All the cargo was saved. The America, was built in New York in 1853, and was a very fine steamer. She was owned by Capt. J. T. Wright, whose loss is $140,000, on which there is no insurance.

Death of Major Brown. Major T. S. Brown, the distinguished Engineer-in-Chief of the New York & Erie Railroad, who entered the engineering service of Russia in the place made vacant by the death of Col. Whistler, died at Naples, on the 30th of June last. Major Brown suffered much during his five years residence in Russia, and last winter went to Italy, hopindg that a season in a mild climate would restore his shattered health, but the remedy came too late. The deceased was a graduate of West Point.

THE CHARMED SNAKE ILLUSION EXPLODED.

Our readers have already been informed of the alleged charm exerted by a black snake over a little girl, daughter of Lyford C. Hill, of Gilmanton, N. H., and within the present week the girl and snake have been on exhibition at Cochituate Hall in this city. Wednesday afternoon several gentlemen of the press, and others, paid a visit to that place to witness for themselves the remarkable phenomenon. When they entered the Hall an exhibition was just closing, and the snake was kept in a box for fifteen minutes, at the expiration of which time Mr. Hill opened the box and told the girl to take hold of the snake. She did so with evident trepidation, and taking hold of it too far below the head, it turned and seized the girl by the thumb, causing it to bleed profusely. The girl screamed with terror, and the father, seeing the trouble, with considerable difficulty succeeded in getting the snake back into the box. Dr. Ayer of the Chronicle, thinking that he had seen enough of "charmed snakes," determined to have a stop put to the exhibition, if possible. He accordingly repaired to the City Hall and ascertained that Hill had no license to exhibit, but merely a permit from the Chief of Police. He then went before Justice Rogers of the Police Court and entered a complaint, whereupon the Justice issued a warrant for the apprehension of Hill, on the ground that he was "restraining the child from her liberty, and employing her in an unlawful and inhuman calling." In the meantime, the spectators at the Hall—a hundred or more—became much excited by what they had seen, and did not hesitate to express their feelings in very angry tones of voice, but offered no violence. Hill was, however, arrested by officer Tallant and committed.

In the Police Court, Thursday, the man Hill, owner of the "charmed" snake, and father of the "charmed" girl, was bound over to take his trial in the Municipal Court.

[Boston Advertiser.

IMPROVEMENT. The store recently occupied by B. & M. M. Swan and owned by Hon. J. W. Bradbury, is undergoing the process of reconstruction, with "all the modern improvements." The upper story has been raised several feet, and the whole structure rebuilt, with an addition in the rear on Commercial street, of cold pressed brick instead of the former kiln burned material, presenting an unusually handsome exterior. By the new arrangement two spacious offices will be thrown open besides the shop in the lower story. When finished it will be an exceedingly fine establishment throughout. The second story is to be occupied, we understand, as a law office, and the upper by Jonas G. Holcomb as a Daguerrean Saloon, for which it will be admirably adapted. This store is situated where the old arch formerly was, and is consequently in the centre of Arch Row, which takes its name from the former passage way. Its superior height to the neighboring stores therefore produces no appearance of want of symmetry, but quite the contrary. [Age.

ARREST FOR SWINDLING—PATENT SAFE GAME. At the Police Court, yesterday, a man calling himself James Perkins, of Boston, was arraigned for swindling Jacob Richardson out of a watch, valued at $30, and $7 in bills; and, also, cheating Charles Chase out of $5. Perkins had a lock, of peculiar construction, which he was willing to bet $20, nobody in the crowd could pick. As the fools are not all dead yet, he had a few bets, and of course won. Perkins showed himself quite an adept in the science, fixing his locks in a very clever manner, so as to open or not, as he pleased. The court thought he had better be put under lock and key, and so he was bound over in the sum of $250, for the first offence; and sentenced to pay a fine of $20 and costs, and 30 days in the house of correction for the second. Richardson was formerly a policeman. [State of Maine, 25th.

ACCIDENT FROM BURNING FLUID. On Saturday evening last, as Mr. Henry S. Temple, at his Auction Room, standing in a chair, was about lighting a hanging lamp by a fluid lamp, the chair tipped, and threw him down, breaking the fluid lamp in the fall. In order to prevent the fire from communicating to the premises he kept hold of the lamp, whose burning contents flowed over his hands, and threw it into the street, during which time he was severely burned on the right hand inside and out, and up almost to the elbow, and also on the left hand, the skin peeling off badly. Dr. Seavey was immediately in attendance and dressed the wounds.

[Bangor Journal, 30th.

DEATH OF A CHILD. A remarkable and deeply afflictive event occurred in Washington street this forenoon. A child, three years of age, had been taken by its mother to a daguerreotype room for the purpose of obtaining a likeness. Just after the operation had been finished, the child, who was seated by an open window, reached out unobserved by its mother, and fell upon the sidewalk—and in a few minutes, the little features which had just been stamped upon the daguerreotype plate, were fixed in death.

[Boston Traveller, 25th.

TRADE WITH SIAM. The treaty of commerce recently negotiated between Great Britain and Siam by Dr. Dowring, is of much value to the United States. The Siam correspondent of the New York Evening Post gives some interesting information in regard to the commercial relations between this country and that government, also the benefits which will accrue to our East India trade from the treaty made by Dr. Bowring. It appears that the government of the United States negotiated a treaty with Siam in 1833, which with a few exceptions was a mere transcript of the commercial part of the treaties of that government with the East India Company.

Through the duplicity and cunning of the Siamese, the treaty was of but little value to the United States. It was expected that the treaty would open the port of Bankok to a considerable trade, but it had the opposite effect of closing it altogether. The treaty however contained one article of great importance; it provided that any commercial privileges which might in coming time be granted to any European nation, should also be enjoyed by the United States. In consequence of this provision, the present treaty made by Dr. Bowring will bring new advantages to the United States. One port at least will be accessible to our trade—a port which opens to us a country inhabited by a population of from three to five millions of inhabitants. [Boston Journal.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS TREATY. We understand that the Secretary of State and the Hon. William L. Lee, his Hawiian Majesty's Minister to this Government, yesterday signed a treaty of commercial reciprocity between the United States and the Sandwich Islands. An instrument of this character has long been desirable, and especially since California and Oregon have become such extensive consumers of the tropical productions which grow so luxuriantly in those islands. We do not pretend to be particularly informed as to the provisions of the treaty, but if its stipulations are in conformity to what is understood to be its title, we have no doubt that it will be mutually and greatly advantageous.

[Washington Union, 21st.

CITIZEN'S MEETING. A full meeting of citizens opposed to the administration of Mayor Dow was held at City Hall, on Monday evening at which resolutions were passed expressing renewed condemnation of the measures resorted to by Mayor Dow to suppress the riot of June 2d, denouncing the report of the Investigating Committee, and the action of the City Government in voting to print the same, &c. Speeches were made by Messrs. Josiah S. Little, Samuel J. Anderson, John Rand, George Evans and Nathan Clifford. [Portland Transcript.

THE LARGEST STEAMER AFLOAT. On the 3d ult., the steamship Persia, the first iron paddle-wheel liner, built for the Cunard or British and North American Steam Company, was launched from the building yard of Messrs. Robert Napier & Sons, at Govan near Glasgow, Scotland. The Persia is the largest steamer both in capacity of hull and steam power, which has been built.—She far exceeds in length, strength, tonnage and steam power, the Great Britain or the Himalaya, and exceeds also by no less than 1,200 tons the internal capacity of the largest of the present Cunard liners. Her chief proportions may be summed up as follows; Length from figure head to taffrail, 390 feet; breadth of the hull, 45 feet; breadth over all, 71 feet; depth, 32 feet.

DEFEAT OF THE NICARAGUAN EXPEDITION.

New York, July 25. Advices from San Juan del Sur state that the Walker Expedition met with a disastrous defeat at Rivas being driven out of the town with the loss of twenty men. The native recruits had previously deserted the fillibusters.

Col. Walker fled towards San Juan, hotly pursued by the government troops, and in his flight threw off his coat, containing all his letters, which were secured by his pursuers. He finally escaped with a few followers, and passing through San Juan, in the night of the 6th of July, seized a schooner in the harbor, and went to parts unknown.

FURTHER PARTICULARS. *New York, July 26.* The correspondent of the Herald at Rivas, gives some details of Col. Walker's movements in that region. Walker arrived with 56 men, landed at Realijo on the 14th of June, and proceeded to Chinandega, where he was joined by a force of 150 Central American troops, under the command of Colonels Mendez, and Ramirez, furnished by Castilla, the President of Leon. With this force he proceeded to the invasion of Nicaragua. On approaching Rivas, they took a small outpost by surprise, and then attacked the town. The fight was sanguinary, but in the midst of it, the Central American troops, with their officers deserted, leaving Col. Walker's small band hemmed in by two bodies of hostile troops.

In this dilemma, Walker retreated to a planter's house in the neighborhood, where he sustained the combat for two hours, against over three hundred assailants, until simultaneously the building was stormed in front, and set fire to in the rear, when the Colonel and his remaining men broke through the enemy and fled to the fields, whence he found his way to San Juan.—Thirteen Americans were killed and their bodies burned. The Government party, it is said, had thirty men killed, and about the same number wounded; among the killed of Colonel Walker's party, were A. L. Kewen, the second in command, Lieutenants R. T. Merriman, and F. Anderson, Dr. Jones, and Dr. N. H. Davis.—Among the documents that have fallen into the hands of the Government is the original contract between Byron, Cole and the Provisionary Government for fifty-two thousand acres of land in Nicaragua.

The correspondent of the Daily News, who gives a narrative similar to the Herald's, intimates that Walker arrived alone at San Juan, where he recruited fourteen Americans, and getting on board an Italian brig, proceeded towards Realijo.

THE DEAD OF COL. WALKER'S EXPEDITION. *New York, July 28th.* A correspondent of the Herald, writing from Grenada, states that among the dead of Col. Walker's expedition were recognized the bodies of Mr. Jules De Brissot, and Capt. Hornsby, who both were recently Attaches to the American Legation in Central America.

CHICAGO GRANARIES. These are great and becoming greater every day. That of the Galena Railroad Company is nearly completed, and is a stupendous building, presenting an imposing appearance, being about 90 feet in height, 1,500,000 brick having been used in its construction. Its ornamental as well as useful chimney, will be 100 feet high. To-day the workmen commence laying the stone foundation of the immense granary of the Illinois Central Railroad, upon the piles which are already put down. This building we understand has been transferred from the Company to Mr. Burlingame, warehouseman of this city, and Mr. Sturgis, a wealthy gentleman from Zanesville, Ohio, who erect the warehouse and have the use of it for ten years after its completion, at the expiration of which time the Company may take it by paying its value. It is to be 200 feet long, by 100 feet high from the ground. About 2,000,000 Milwaukie brick will be used in its construction, a portion of which are already delivered, together with all the stone for the foundation. Its capacity will be about 700,000 bushels of grain. [Chicago Tribune, 14th.

FROM MEXICO.—*New York, July 24.* The correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Mica, on the Mexican frontier, states that the battle about to be fought between the Revolutionists and Gen. Wool, the Mexican commander, at Matamoras, would be decisive, and throw all the frontier custom houses into the hands of Caravajal and his party, should they prove successful. Gen. Wool expected to be beaten, and had sent all his valuables across the river into Texas. The Revolutionists have 2000 men and eight pieces of artillery. They propose to form a federation of the three Northern States of Tamaulipas, Coahuila and Nueva Leon.

LATER FROM MEXICO. *New Orleans, July 25.* The steamer Orizaba arrived to-day from Vera Cruz with dates from Mexico of the 19th. The capital was quiet. Santa Anna was reported to be willing to make concessions to the insurgents. His family were to leave the country on the 26th, in the steamer Iturbide, from Vera Cruz. The father-in-law of Santa Anna, it is reported, has been appointed Minister to the United States in place of M. Almonte.

THE COURT OF CLAIMS. *Washington, July 25.* The following are the Commissioners appointed in the New England States by the Judges of the Court of Claims:—

Maine. Messrs. John W. Dana, Portland; J. O'Donnell, do; Charles S. Davies, do; James T. McCobb, do; Daniel Williams, Augusta.

New Hampshire. Messrs. A. R. Hatch, Portsmouth; Benjamin F. Ayer, Manchester; Wm. L. Foster, Concord; J. D. Sleeper, Haverhill; H. Hubbart, Jr., Charlestown.

Vermont. Mr. Chas. L. Williams, Rutland.

Massachusetts. Messrs. Edward G. Loring, Boston; Daniel S. Gilchrist, do; Charles L. Woodbury do; George S. Hale, do; Oliver Stevens, do; W. Mitchell, New Bedford; W. S. Morton, Quincy; Joseph B. S. Osgood, Salem.

Rhode Island. Levi Salisbury, Providence.

Connecticut. D. W. Pardee, Hartford; W. S. Carter, Middletown; John T. Waite, Norwich.

HOW AN OLD MAN LOST HIS MONEY. There arrived in this city, from the State of Maine, some weeks ago, an old man named Joseph Penley, who left his home in consequence of a difficulty with his family. He had with him some two thousand dollars, and took lodgings at the St. Lawrence House. He soon became acquainted with one "Delau Libby," who introduced him to a Miss Lucy A. H. Robinson of Charlestown. He became quite fond of Miss Robinson, proposed to marry her,—everything was arranged for the ceremony; but the current of their love was interrupted by Penley's discovery that he had been robbed of $190, which sum was stolen from his trunk in the St Lawrence House. Libby and Miss Robinson have been arrested on a charge of stealing the money, and they have been committed for examination in Charlestown on Monday. [Boston Courier.

POTATOES. It is reported that the potato crop of this country was never more than two-thirds what it will be this year. In this section certainly the vines were never so vigorous and promising; and those who have paid attention to the matter say, that the blowings indicate entire freedom from all diseases. The early varieties already press into the markets in great abundance, and an Albany paper states that contracts have been made in the interior of New York for fourteen cents per bushel.

[Newburyport Herald.

THE AMERICAN BONAPARTE. A private letter, dated Paris, June 26, has the following:

"Tell M. that his friend Jerome Bonaparte has greatly distinguished himself, and has done great honor to his West Point training. He is the aid of one of the generals, and is the medium of communication between the French and English, as he speaks the two languages equally well. He is always in the midst of the battle, and has had two horses shot under him,—but as yet has escaped a wound. The Emperor is proud of him, and the French soldiers call him the 'brave American Bonaparte.'"

LUMBER FOR EUROPE. The Russian war seems to have a good effect on the Lumber business on this river, as we learn there are two large vessels now being loaded by the Messrs. Porters, with lumber for France and Spain, and that they have shipped several cargoes to France previous to this, this season, amounting in all to over one million of feet. [Calais Advertiser.

LATEST NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamship Star of the West arrived at New York on Wednesday morning last, bringing California dates to July 1. She had $1,000,000 on freight. The steamship George Law arrived at New York on the same day, with the mails, $850,000 in specie, and some 400 passengers. We make the following synopsis of the news by these arrivals:—

The news from California is unimportant. Markets generally dull, but flour firmer. Money stringent. Mining news encouraging.

The Democratic Convention nominated Messrs. Bigler and Purdy.

The village of Angels' Camp, Calaveras Co., was destroyed by fire. The loss was $50,000. Every building in the settlement was in ruins. Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co. succeeded in saving all their valuables.

One hundred and seventy thousand dollars of Adams & Co's assets were missing. Messrs. Halleck, Billings and Park, attorneys for Mr. Alvin Adams of Boston, have taken proceedings against Messrs. Wood and Haskell, the partners here, in which they charge that a fraud was committed in the formation of the contract of partnership, which was signed by Mr. Charles G. Bowers, as the general agent of Adams & Co. The affidavit of Mr. Adams admits that the terms of the contract make him responsible to the California creditors, but that he never contemplated any other liability than that of a special partner, and that Mr. Haskell had admitted to him that by the agreement, he should not be held liable for the future liabilities of the California house beyond $25,000. The affidavit goes on to charge that the contract was knowingly, falsely, and fraudulently imposed upon Bowers, by I. C. Wood, through the instrumentality of Mr. Hackett, an attorney at law. He also charges that Wood had further deceived him, by pretending to apply to the California Legislature for an act of incorporation, under which the house would be recognized and himself released from his general responsibility in the partnership.

The Indians are reported to have commenced hostilities on the Klamath, but the report is considered doubtful.

The steamer America, having on board three companies of troops for Puget's Sound, was burned at Crescent City. No lives were lost. She was 933 tons burthen, and valued at $140,000.

A naval battle was reported off San Diego between a Russian Frigate and a French Corvette. The commander of the latter blew up his ship rather than strike. This report is thought to be a hoax.

The State Temperance Convention held at Sacramento, to nominate a State ticket, have decided not to do so at present. Gen. John Wilson presided.

The grasshoppers are doing immense damage to the crops throughout the State. In some localities every green thing had disappeared. In Carson Valley, it is feared that the whole grain crop will be destroyed.

In Utah also, the crops have been almost totally destroyed, and the farmers have commenced planting another crop.

The Sacramento Union publishes a telegraphic dispatch from Placerville, announcing the arrival at that place from Salt Lake of the Hon. J. P. Stiles, Associate Justice of Utah, J. L. Hayward, U. S. Marshal of Utah, and Orson Hyde. Col. Steptoe and company will remain at Carson Valley about ten days to recruit, previous to crossing the mountains.

A Free Soil Convention was held at Olympia, W. T., on the 26th of May, and nominated Joseph Cushman for delegate to Congress from that territory.

The accounts from the mines continue to be of the most encouraging character. Tunneling and quartz crushing is being prosecuted with extraordinary activity, and the interior press teems with flattering notices of the discovery of new and rich leads.

An application was made in the Twelfth District Court on the 16th, the day of the sailing of the semi-monthly steamers, for the arrest of Mr. David C. Page, who was about leaving for the Eastern States. There were serious charges of fraud made at the same time. An order was given, but the sheriff was unable to effect the arrest, as, upon proceeding to the Golden Gate, which steamer sailed at 5 P. M., it was found that Mr. Page had sailed at 12 o'clock in the Sierra Nevada.

The following items we cull from various San Francisco papers:

The grasshoppers have been committing great havoc in the Sacramento valley. Great flights of them have eaten up all the grass and green leaves over extensive tracts of land. The damage on Gen. Sutter's farm alone is estimated at $10,000.

A number of families have arrived in the Sacramento valley from Salt Lake. They report extensive preparations among the Saints to emigrate to California.

The grain crop throughout the State has been considerably injured by the smut and rust. In some districts the wheat is almost entirely destroyed in value; in others it is quite good. There is some difference of opinion as to whether the supply of grain will equal the demand. Some of the farmers of Sonoma, where the wheat crop is almost entirely ruined, have already come to this market to lay in a stock of flour for the winter.

Considerable interest is being taken at this time in the subject of immigration. A local immigration society is being organized, to appoint agents in the large cities of the East, and in different parts of Europe, whose duty it shall be to disseminate information as to the familiar advantages of California for emigrants, and to facilitate, by advice and part payment of passage money, the migration hither of a good class of settlers. Already twenty-nine gentlemen have subscribed $1000 each to the funds of the association. It is expected the subscriptions will soon be largely increased. Many of the rancheros and large land-owners are also preparing to come under obligations to the association to donate to actual settlers large portions of their lands."

OREGON. The next Legislative Assembly of Oregon will stand: House of Representatives, democrats, 28; opposition, 2. Council, democrats, 7; opposition, 2.

Rumors were current that gold discoveries had been made on the St. Mary's and Columbia rivers, four hundred miles from the Dalles. Nothing definite was known concerning them, although the news was received in good faith.

A late treaty with the Walla-Walla Indians has secured to the government of the United States further valuable tracts of land. The Blackfeet are not so easily persuaded, and have determined to sustain their rights against encroachment to the last.

The people of Oregon have, a second time, voted against a convention to organize a State government. It was at first reported that a majority had been obtained for a convention, but the very large vote cast against it in Jackson, the most southern county in the Territory, bordering on California, effectually defeated it for the present. The people of Jackson have twice defeated the proposed State organization, from a lingering hope that a new Territory may one day be made up of the southern countries of Oregon and the northern counties of California.

The papers to hand from Oregon tell but one tale of the bounteous superfluity existing in that Territory this season. It is currently stated that the quantity of all kinds of grain and breadstuffs will be at least double what it has been during former seasons.

SANDWICH ISLAND. Dates from the Sandwich Islands are to the 6th inst. The U. S. sloop Decatur, was at the Islands. The British ship Rattlesnake was at Honolulu. Her British Majesty's ship Monarch, of eighty guns, had arrived at Honolulu from Callao, and after a few days stay sailed to the northward, towards Petropaulowski. She left Honolulu without paying her bills for supplies, and the applicants were threatened with the cats.

FROM THE ISTHMUS. Dates from Panama are to July 16. The New Federal Congress met on the 15th. The President of the Republic, Gen. Obando, had been sentenced to twelve years' banishment, for his participation in the recent revolution.

The sloop-of-war John Adams was in port. Hands all well. She was to sail shortly for the Fegee Islands.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE ATLANTIC.

The steamship Atlantic arrived at New York on Wednesday last, bringing dates from Europe to the 14th inst. The following summary comprises all the news of importance by this arrival:—

GREAT BRITAIN. The principal news of the week is the occurrence of a Ministerial crisis in England, caused by Lord John Russell's shuffling explanation of his conduct at Vienna.

On Monday, 16th, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was to move "that a ministry containing Lord John Russell, was unworthy of confidence."

The public expect that Lord Palmerston must either throw over Lord John Russell, dissolve Parliament, or resign.

A dispatch received at Liverpool on the moment of the steamer's departure, stated that Lord John Russell had resigned.

The circumstances which led to the resignation of Lord John Russell, were the disclosures made by him of his course at Vienna, which disclosures led to the debate in the House of Commons on Friday the 6th. At the close of that debate, Sir Lytton Bulwer moved that "the conduct of the Minister, charged with negotiations at Vienna, and his continuance in office as a responsible adviser of the Crown, have shaken the confidence which the country should place in those to whom the administration of public affairs is intrusted."

Previously to Lord John Russell's resignation, it was reported that if he did resign, he would take the Gray section of the Cabinet with him, and that Lord Palmerston would fill their places with more decided men out of the liberal ranks; and also that Lord Derby was the coming man with another coalition Cabinet.

The accounts of the crops from all parts of England are very favorable.

The visit of Queen Victoria to Paris is fixed for the 7th of August.

The British Parliament is to be prorogued on the 19th of August.

Bullion in Bank had decreased £434,569.

FRANCE. On the evening of the 6th, the members of the Legislative Corps, headed by their President, presented to the Emperor the votes for the new loan of 750,000,000 francs, and for the enrollment of 140,000 men. The Emperor replied to the address, "I thank the Legislature for the readiness which they have voted these two bills. I know how burdensome are the charges and taxes imposed by war, but I hope they will be only temporary, and I am confident that the spirit and patriotism of the country will enable us to surmount every difficulty, and to obtain an honorable peace."

The drawing of the 140,000 recruits of the class of 1855, is to commence in France in October, so that they may join the respective corps assigned to them, early in January.

The Phare de la Loire, of July, says that arrests to the number of thirty-four or thirty-five were effected in the night at Nantes. These arrests are supposed to be political, and connected with the discovery of a secret society.

According to a letter from the Crimea, the wounded on the 18th of June, amounted to 4000 men.

All accounts received from the departments represent the corn, hay, and fruit crops in France in a most satisfactory condition.

SPAIN. Paris correspondence continues to adduce proof that the Spanish insurrection is fostered by Russian influence. Much anxiety is manifested in the German courts to ascertain the progress of the revolt.

Madrid letters to the 11th, mention that the Cortes had adopted the bill authorizing a loan of 230,000,000 reals, and that, should not the loan be voluntarily subscribed, it was at the end of one month to become compulsory.

POLAND. It is reported, from Vienna, that the Emperor of Russia intends to restore to Poland the constitution wrested from that country in the year 1832. The legislative bodies would consist of a senate and an elective chamber, consisting of sixty members chosen by the nobles, and sixty elected by the people. It is also rumored that the restoration of municipal elections would follow, but that there will be no separate Polish army.

AUSTRIA. *Vienna, July* 7. The Vienna Gazette contains a semi-official article in reply to the Emperor Napoleon's speech, in so far as the latter touched upon Austria. The article in question maintains that Austria has fulfilled the obligations imposed on her by the treaty of Dec. 2d, and that she is not bound to take any further steps.

The Wiener Zeitung publishes in full the article in the Moniteur explanatory of the Imperial speech on the opening of the Legislative Corps. The publication of the article in question had somewhat relieved the feeling of anxiety created by the speech that a rupture was imminent between Austria and the Western Powers. The Wiener Zeitung remarks that there are very serious objections to be made to the correctness of the assertions of the Moniteur on many points.

RUSSIA. The Invalide Russe publishes the following: "Aid-de-Camp Gen. Prince Gortschakoff has sent the following telegraphic dispatch from Sebastopol, dated 15th, (27th of June.) From the 7th to the 15th, (19th to 27th) of June, nothing of importance has taken place before Sebastopol. The fire of the enemy is weak, and our loss daily is not considerable.—The besiegers are pushing forward new approaches against our lines of defence. On our side we actively repair the damage done. We are erecting new batterries against the above mentioned approaches, and we are strengthening the internal defences of the town. Nothing of importance has occurred on other points of the Crimea.'

The military Governor General of St Petersburg announces that on the 16th (28th) of June the Allied fleet in the Gulf of Finland remained in its old position."

THE WAR WEWS. Sebastopol has again been subjected to two days heavy fire, without effect. The besiegers were erecting immense works against the Malakoff and the Redan, and the besieged were erecting equally formidable earthworks behind those defenses.

Another general assault is not far off. Thirty thousand men are employed on the works of attack. The Russians, in addition to other additional defenses, are throwing up a formidable star fort behind the Redan. A weak fire was kept up on the 10th and 11th.

Cholera was decreasing, and the health of the Allied army was satisfactory.

The Russians made a sortie on the night of the 7th on the works in front of the Mamelon, but effected nothing.

There are strong indications of a campaign on the Danube, engineers having already been sent forward.

WAR IN ASIA. Advices from Kars state that the Russian demonstration against that place had been repulsed. Other accounts on the contrary, say that the Russians had taken the place, and that the Turks had evacuated Kars, and fallen back on Erzorim.

Schamyl, the Circassian chief, is again reported dead.

The Allied fleets continued cruising and destroying exposed property on the coast.

THE WHITE SEA. The port of Archangel has been placed in a good state of defence, a new battery of eighty guns having been erected. The foreign ships in port had succeeded in clearing their cargoes before the blockade. Among the ships were several American, which after landing their cargoes, proceeded eastward.

The blockade is now strictly enforced.

MISCELLANEOUS. There are rumors in the papers of a dangerous insurrection in the Russian Siberian regiment, and also of a change in the Russian Cabinet.

The British ship Antelope had bombarded and destroyed the town of Olatown, Calabar.

A new Austrian circular is spoken of, intenden as Count Buol's reply to Napoleon's speech, and defending the conduct of Austria towards the Western Powers.

LATEST. *Liverpool, Saturday Morning, July* 14. Nothing new from the war this morning. The diplomatic papers explanatory of the peace proposals of Austrea have been laid before Parliament and are published in the London papers of to-day.

Radetzky has demanded large and immediate reinforcements to the garrisons of Milan, Verona and Venice, and 30,000 men are to be distributed among the Italian garrisons.

A dispatch from Stockholm July 12, says:—"We have authentic intelligence that a detachment of British ships bombarded Lorissa, in Finland, on the afternoon of the 5th inst. The whole town has been destroyed."

A St. Petersburg letter of the 26th of June, mentions that the Czar intended visiting the south, but his precise destination was not known.

Prince Michael, they say, is to assume the government of Poland, and the Duke Nicholas to join the army in the Crimea.

Prince Paskiewitch is said to have declined the active command of the army, on the plea of old age.

Prince Gortschakoff is spoken of as likely to be appointed Minister of War, and Prince Dolgoronski of police.

A treaty of alliance between Russia and Prussia is spoken of, but this is not in accordance with Baron Manteuffel's note of the 6th, in which he speaks of the relation of Prussia towards the points of guaranty.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, there are indications of forthcoming operations on the Danube. M. Lelande, a French engineer, has been sent to inspect the roads in Eastern Moldavia, and make a new one from Galatz to Jassy. Orders have been forwarded to the local authorities to place the roads in the respective districts in the best condition, and French agents are making large purchases along the Danube for the supply of an army.

The departure of 15,000 Turks from Silistria for Matchin and Tultcha is also mentioned as being connected with the projected operation.

At Kertsch, affairs remain as last reported.

A regiment of French marines has garrisoned St. Paul and Ak Bowmon, which command the straits of Kertsch.

The Russians manifest no intention of an attack.

The Allies continue to fortify Yenikale. A letter from Trebizonde of the 24th ult., in the Moniteur, states that the news of the death of the celebrated Circassian chief Schamyl appears to be postively true.

FROM UTAH TERRITORY. We have news from Utah Territory to the 6th ult., which is a week later than previous advices. The Mormons in the valley of the Great Salt Lake were anticipating a famine. The crickets, grasshoppers and locusts devoured everything in the fields and gardens, and, in spite of active and unceasing efforts to counteract their depredations, there was little hope of the crops arriving at maturity. Add to this calamity the ravages of the Indians—who seem to have again broken from the control of the whites—and it will be admitted that the Latter Day Saints are in a bad way, to say nothing of flour selling at six dollars per hundred, and very scarce at that price. In view of this state of things, Brigham Young, who had just returned from a ride through the country, delivered an address, wherein he advised the faithful to take short excursions with their families, taking care, however, to leave the babies at home. Young acknowledges to the possession of ninety wives and of children a multitude, and he believes it would promote their health and cheer them up to camp out. The ravages of the insects and the total destruction of the crops, suggest the probability of the Mormons abandoning their settlements at Great Salt Lake City. Supplies cannot be procured nearer than San Bernardino, which is eight hundred miles distant, and the excursions recommended by the Governor may be but the preliminary to a general movement. Hon. John M. Bernhisel, late delegate to Congress from Utah, arrived at his home on the 5th of June in good health.

[N. Y. Herald, 27th.

SCARCITY OF ENGLISH OFFICERS IN THE CRIMEA. The hard service of the English troops before Sebastopol has not only greatly reduced the effective strength of the rank and file of the army, but has frightfully diminished the number of officers also—regimental and general officers. Lord Raglan and his admirable Adjutant-General, Estcourt, have just died of cholera, or something like it; Gen. Pennefather left on the 24th of June for England, to recruit his shattered health, leaving the Light and Second Divisions without any General officer, divisional or brigade. Sir George Brown also left the Crimea on the 30th ult, for England, on medical certificate; and Major-General Codrington had been compelled to retire from actual service temporarily at least, in order to recruit his shattered heath. Some of the regiments of the Light Division are reported greatly reduced in strength. The 34th Regiment had no captain, and only three subalterns available for duty, and both it and the 7th Fusiliers had to borrow officers from other regiments to carry on the duties.

DREADFUL FIRES AT CONSTANTINOPLE. Constantinople has lately been visited by some most destructive fires. A few weeks since, the yali, or villa, of Ahmed Fethi Pasha, the brother-in-law of the Sultan, was destroyed, and now the city of Stamboul itself, and the dwellings of more humble Ottomans, have been visited by a painful calamity. A conflagration broke out at Akserai. From half past 11 in the morning until nearly night, the city was overhung with a thick cloud, which the strong south wind seemed only to make thicker by rousing the flames. The small engines which the Turks make use of were of little avail in checking the flames, and, indeed, with a wooden town, a long season of dry weather, and a strong wind, it would be difficult for the most skilful firemen, aided by the best machines, to make head against a conflagration. On the present occasion no less than 1000 houses and as many shops were destroyed.

SUNDAY DEMONSTRATION IN LONDON. Immense crowds assembled in Hyde-park on Sunday afternoon, July 8, but only half a dozen policemen were in attendance to warn persons in carriages not to proceed to the drive. The mob amused itself by making noises, and some speechifying, until about six o'clock, when a division of some thousands proceeded down Grosvenor-place towards Belgrave-square, smashing a great number of windows. They were dispersed by the police; but bands continued to demolish the glass in Wilton street and its vicinity, including the Earl of Shefton and Lord Grosvenor's mansions, up to nine o'clock P. M. No further rioting of importance took place. A man and a boy were fined 40s. on Monday, for being engaged in breaking windows. Some lads were discharged; two soldiers were remanded. As many as 750 panes of glass were broken near Grosvenor-place.

ENCAMPMENT IN ENGLAND. The nucleus of what is intended to be a large encampment has been formed at Aldershott, in Hampshire. A brigade of the Guards and seven militia regiments, numbering altogether about 5000 men, are already on the ground. They were visited and reviewed by the Queen on the 11th inst. Her Majesty was accompanied by the King of the Belgians, the Count of Flanders, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the Duke of Cambridge.

At the close of the review the troops formed in close column round the Royal Pavilion, and witnessed the presentation by her Majesty of Crimean Medals to three wounded non-commissioned officers, who have been appointed barrack-masters at the camp. Wooden huts are being erected for the troops.

MURDER AT SEA. *Baltimore, July* 27. By the bark Lapwing, which arrived this morning from Rio Janeiro, we learn that Capt. Frazer, of the clipper ship Sea Witch was murdered at sea on board that vessel, on the night of the 5th of June while the first mate had charge of the deck. His skull was beaten in by three distinct blows evidently from a marline spike which was afterwards found in the mate's room. Dr. Brolasky the surgeon of the ship, who suspected the mate, insisted on having the vessel taken into Rio. The latter refused at first, but was finally overawed by the doctor, who accused him of the murder, and threatened to shoot him if he hesitated longer. On arrival at Rio, the American Consul, after an examination of the affair, ordered the arrest of the mate. Before being taken ashore he made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide. Messrs. Maxwell, Wright & Co., have charge of the ship, and have appointed Capt. Long to the command. The body of Capt. Frazer is to be sent home in the ship Union, about leaving for New York. The mate's name is Sylvanus M. Spencer.

LATER FROM THE RIO GRANDE.

The New Orleans papers of the 16th ult., have letters from the Rio Grande giving accounts of the revolutionary movements in that quarter. General Woll, the commander of the government forces, left Matamoras on the 7th ult., with an effective force of thirteen hundred men, and had fortified himself at Reynosa, with a determination of making a stand against the revolutionary forces which are advancing from Camargo. The revolutionists are said to number some two thousand men, well armed and equipped, under the command of Vidaurri, who captured Monterey. They have a park of eight pieces of artillery. Vidaurri, who styles himself "General-in-Chief of the Liberating Army of Mexico," has issued a proclamation denouncing Santa Anna and his government as public enemies and conspirators against the sovereignty and integrity of the national territory, and that all the chiefs and officers of his government who may be taken in the conflict of arms "shall be tried by a council of war, and punished with death, as traitors to the country and instruments of tyranny." All who aid Santa Anna directly or indirectly, are to be sentenced to hard labor upon the public works or to the payment of a fine. Not much doubt exists as to the final success of the revolutionists, as nearly all of the Rio Grande ports are already in their hands.

THE INDIANS IN TEXAS. Galveston papers of the 14th inst., contain the gratifying intelligence that the efforts of Major Neighbors to conciliate the warlike Indian tribes, and direct them in the way of procuring their subsistence from other scources than from robbery or the chase, bid fair to be crowned with success. He has constructed a permanent residence for himself upon the Brazos river, about twenty miles to the southward of Fort Belknap, and is actively engaged, every day, among the Indians. He employs them to do all the work which he can procure, such as herding, hoeing, carrying messages, &c., and many different tribes have submitted to him, and commenced preparations for permanent settlements in the fertile valleys of the frontier. The Texas Camanches have settled on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, and have already plowed for the next year's crop. They design also to enter extensively into the business of stock raising. Five other tribes have settled on the Brazos, ten miles below Fort Belknap, and have the finest crop of corn now growing in Texas. They have plenty of water melons, musk melons, pumpkins, &c., and live comfortably and happily.

A PECULIAR CASE. A finder of money or other valuable property should always take prompt measures, by advertising or otherwise, to make restoration to the owner. In Rochester, N. Y., a few days since, a dishonest man by the name of Thomas Hall, who neglected this duty, was convicted of grand larceny and sentenced to two years hard labor in the State Prison. He had found a package of $1600, and carried it to his boarding house. During his temporary absence a woman discovered the package, and took from it a small portion of the money. Hall subsequently carried the remainder to his brother and asked him what it would be best for him to do in relation to it. His brother counselled the honest course, but before Hall could adopt it he was arrested, and held to answer for larceny. Upon the trial it was not shown that he had appropriated a dollar of the amount to his own use, but as he had neglected to take the proper steps to find an owner, he was obliged to suffer the consequences.

CARRIER PIGEONS AND THE TELEGRAPH. Many of the readers of the newspapers, who wake up in the morning and find a column of European news, by telegraph, ready for their perusal, in the morning paper, the steamer having arrived only the midnight before, do not know the labor and enterprise which are involved to procure this early transmission of the steamer's news. The "associated press" have an agent for the arrival of New York steamers at the Sandy Hook light-house. He has fifty carrier pigeons, which are trained for the purpose of conveying news from the steamship to the shore. A man in open an boat, in all kinds of weather, drops alongside of the steamer as she bears directly upon Sandy Hook. The news is thrown over in a water-tight can, and the news being taken out, a single sheet is affixed to a bird's leg. The man then gives the signal to the bird, which raises his wings and away he goes, with all his powers of locomotion, in a straight line for the office, going a distance of three or four miles in as many minutes; and, popping in at the window, is received by the agent, who transmits the intelligence over the wires to New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and thence to St. Louis, New Orleans, and all parts of the country, so that the news is frequently received over a large part of the United States and published before the steamer leaves the quarantine.

[Philadelphia Ledger.

WHEAT FOR EXPORT. The first freight engagement of wheat for export since the new crop began to arrive, was made yesterday for Liverpool, at 3d, in ship's bags. The exports of wheat last year at this port from Jan. 1st to July 16th, amounted to 1,380,000 bushels; this year for the same time, to only 31,288! We do not expect large clearances until new wheat comes pouring in upon us, when the shipments to Europe will doubtless begin on a large scale. [N. Y. Jour. of Commerce.

REMOVAL OF GOVERNOR REEDER. *Washington, July* 29. The President has appointed Hon. John L. Dawson, of Pennsylvania, Governor of Kansas in place of Hon. A. H. Reeder, removed. Mr. Dawson was an effective member of the last Congress, and voted for the Nebraska-Kansas bill. He is also known as a strenuous advocate of the policy of giving Homesteads to actual settlers, and introduced a bill for that purpose, which passed the House of Representatives, but failed to obtain the sanction of the Senate.

EXCITEMENT IN BROOKLYN.—*New York, July* 24. There was much excitement in Brooklyn, yesterday, in consequence of the determination expressed by Franconi's Circus Company to perform in the city without first having obtained license. The mayor had forbidden them by proclamation; but at the eleventh hour, it was discovered that the license ordinance was null in consequence of never having been published. The Board of Health was then called to the rescue, which declared a circus company to be a nuisance, and dangerous to the health of the community,—and the booths erected by the company were ordered to be destroyed. The mayor attempted to execute this order, but the police refused their assistance, having been warned that they would be held individually responsible.

The affair was finally compromised, the company being allowed to erect their tents in another location from that near the City Hall, which they had at first leased. All the police who disobeyed the mayor's order have been suspended.

BURNED TO DEATH. The Providence Journal has an account of the sad fate of an old man, seventy years of age, named Slocum, who resided at Portsmouth, R. I. On Sunday last, the people of that place noticed a volume of smoke ascending from the house inhabited by Slocum, who lived alone, and upon hastening to the spot they found the building on fire inside, and heard Slocum, who was within, say, "Put out the fire!" But so dense was the flame and smoke that it was impossible to enter, and the unfortunate man was burned to death. He was of intemperate habits, and had been seen a few minutes previous to the discovery of the fire, attempting to light his pipe. It is supposed that by some means he accidentally set fire to his clothes or the building.

RAILROAD DAMAGES ON THE OTHER FOOT. An astonishing event has happened in the administration of justice in Vermont. The Connecticut and Passumpsic River Railroad Company sued Thomas Wilson in an action on the case for damages to their cars, by reason of his, the defendant's cattle, being upon the track of their road. The cause was tried at the last term of the Caledonia County Court. Plaintiffs claimed some $150 damages to the car and road. The main question argued to the jury was whether the accident was occasioned by defendant's cattle being upon the crossing or by plaintiffs running their train around the curve at too rapid a rate. Verdict for plaintiffs for $150 and costs. [Buffalo Republican.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.
Corrected Weekly.

Flour,	$9 25 @ 13 50	Round Hogs,	$7 00 @ 8 00
Corn Meal,	1 15 @ 1 25	Clear Salt Pork,	11 @ 13
Rye Meal	1 75 @ 2 00	Lamb,	7 @ 9
Wheat,	3 00 @ 3 25	Turkey,	10 @ 12
Rye,	0 00 @ 0 00	Chickens,	8 @ 10
Corn,	1 12 @ 1 20	Geese,	8 @ 10
Beans,	3 00 @ 3 25	Clover Seed,	12 @ 17
Oats,	60 @ 65	Herd's Grass,	4 25 @ 4 50
Potatoes,	00 @ 00	Red Top,	1 10 @ 1 25
Dried Apples	6 @ 8	Flax Seed,	1 00 @ 1 10
Cooking Apples,	00 @ 00	Hay	14 00 @ 16 50
Winter do.,	75 @ 80	Lime,	1 00 @ 1 05
Butter,	18 @ 22	Fleece Wool,	25 @ 30
Cheese,	10 @ 12	Pulled do.,	25 @ 30
Eggs,	15 @ 16	Lambskins,	25 @ 40
Lard,	12 @ 14	Hides,	5 @ 5

BRIGHTON MARKET, July 26.

At Market 1200 Beef Cattle, 3850 Sheep, and 350 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—We quote extra $8 75 @ 9 00; first quality $8 00 @ $8 50; second $7 50 @ $7 75; third $6 50.

WORKING OXEN.—No sales noticed.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sales from $22 to $55.

SHEEP.—Sales from $2 75 to $7 00.

SWINE.—At retail, from 7c to 8c.

BOSTON MARKET, July 23.

FLOUR.—Western common brands $8 50 to $8 75; fancy, $9 50; Extra $9 75 to $11 00; Genesee Extra, $10 50 to $12 25.

GRAIN.—Southern Yellow Corn is selling at $1 05 White at $1 00. Oats, 60 @ 65c. Rye, in lots, $1 50.

HAY.—Eastern is selling at $24 ₩ ton, cash.

Where shall the State Fair be?

The committee appointed by the Executive Committee of the Maine State Ag. Society to designate the place of holding the Cattle Show and Fair of the Maine State Ag. Society, to be holden during the last week of September next, are now ready to receive proposals, from any towns wishing to have said Show in their place. Please direct your communications to the chairman, NATHAN FOSTER, Gardiner, before the 25th of the present month.

July 5th, 1855. 29

Hymeneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
The world was sad—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled!

In this city, 27th ult., by S. Titcomb, Esq., Mr. GEORGE G. STEVENS to Miss HANNAH WHITE, both of this city.

In Farmington, P. C. McFARLAND, A. B., of Pleasant Hill, Va., to Miss LIZZIE MACE of Farmington.

In Yarmouth, 24th ult., by Rev Mr. Allen, Mr. JAMES C. HILL, Esq., of Y., to Miss JOANNA C. MORSE, of Bloomfield.

In Biddeford, 25th ult., by Rev. Mr. Keely, Capt. TRISTRAM CLARK to Miss MARIA ABBOT of Malden.

In Palmyra, by Dr. Benjamin Pollard, Mr. JOHN AYER of Unity, to Miss OLIVE A. FURBER of Palmyra.

In Grafton, 24th ult., by Isaac I. York, Esq., Mr. ORRIN D. BARTLETT to Miss ESTHER ANN BENT, daughter of the late Rev. Orrin Bent, both of Portland.

In Farmington, 22d ult., Mr. JOHN KNOWLTON to Miss SALLY BULLEN, both of F.; Mr. BENJAMIN R. DAMREN of this city, to Miss LOMIRA W. BROWN of Wilton.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore
And the race of immortals begun.

In this city, 29th ult., GEORGE G., son of Nathaniel and Laura Nason, aged 3 years 2 months.

In Hallowell, 20th inst., GEORGE UNDERWOOD, aged 27 years.

Lost overboard from the ship Dashaway of Hallowell, on her passage from Bath to Calcutta, CHARLES E. BLISS, of Pittston, third mate, aged 21 years, and HORACE SPEARS, of Saco, seaman.

In Albion, 18th ult., Maj. BENJAMIN REED, aged 61.

In Biddeford, 16th ult., LAURA J. DUNN, aged 24.

In Fairfield, 21st ult., MARY ANN PARKER, wife of Harrison Parker, aged about 30.

In Dover, JANE HINDS, daughter of Nimrod and Lydia Hinds, aged 19.

In Charleston, 23d ult., Mrs. SABRA CAMPBELL, aged 83 years.

In New Sharon, 19th ult., MARY SMITH, wife of Capt. Wm. Smith, aged 45 years 10 months.

In Durham, December 16th, 1854, MARGARET S. DAVIS, daughter of Benjamin and Patience Davis, aged 21 years 3 months.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, GEORGE H. VOSE and RUFUS C. VOSE, of Clinton, in the County of Alameda, and State of California, on the 14th day of February, A. D. 1854, by their deed of mortgage of that date, recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Kennebec, and State of Maine, book 193, page 105, mortgaged to Horatio Bridge, a purser in the Navy of the United States, certain real estate situate in Augusta, in said County of Kennebec, particularly described in said mortgage deed, to secure the payment of a note of hand of that date, given by said George H. and Rufus C. Vose to said Bridge, for the sum of seventeen hundred dollars, payable in one year from its date, with interest; and whereas the said Bridge, afterwards, to wit, on the 27th day of June, A. D. 1855, for a valuable consideration, assigned and transferred said mortgage deed and said note to Thomas Brown, of Georgetown, in the District of Columbia; now the said Brown hereby gives notice that the conditions of said mortgage have been broken, and that he claims to foreclose the same. THOMAS BROWN.

Georgetown, D. C., July 20, 1855. *32

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

FROM the subscriber in Camden, TWO MARES, about ten and eleven years old. One, light red, light mane and tail, had been docked, carries up well, one fore leg a little sprung, and a small scar on her hip, and weighs about 1000 pounds. The other is small, weight about 800 pounds, dark red, heavy mane and switch tail, with a white strip in her forehead.

Any person who will return these, or either of them, or give information which shall lead to the recovery of them, shall be suitably rewarded. GEORGE KALER.

Camden, July 28, 1855. 3w32

OAK GROVE SEMINARY, VASSALBORO'.

THE FALL TERM of this Institution will commence on third day, the 21st of eighth month next, (Tuesday, August 21st,) under the care of FRANKLIN B. PAIGE, late of Haverford, Principal.

Instruction given in higher English Branches, and the Latin, Greek and French Languages.

Terms of tuition, ranging from $3 50 to $6 00 per term of twelve weeks, one-half payable on entering, and the remainder at the middle of the term. No scholar admitted for less than half a term. ALTON POPE, *Secretary.*

Vassalboro', 7th mo., 23, 1855. 31

FOR SALE,

OR will exchange for a farm, a house and lot, with barn and out-buildings, pleasantly situated, about a mile south of the depot at Monmouth Centre. The lot contains about one acre of good land, with a good well of water, ornamental and fruit trees, and a small orchard. Also 21 acres of woodland and pasturage, situated about three-fourths of a mile from said place. Said place to be sold with or without the wood lot. Enquire of Capt. N. HINKLEY, near the premises.

Monmouth, July 18, 1855. 8w31

SOMERSET ACADEMY.

THE FALL TERM of this Institution will commence on MONDAY, the 20th day of August, and continue twelve weeks, under the instruction of ABRA WALDRON, A. B.

TUITION:

Common English Branches,	$3 00
Higher English and Languages,	3 50

EBENEZER HUTCHINSON, *Secretary.*

Athens, July 20, 1855. 3w31

Notice to Stone Masons.

WILL be sold at public auction, on Monday, July 30th, at three o'clock P. M., on the premises, the building of a bridge, with stone abutments, near the residence of John Jewett, Esq. Particulars made known at the time and place of sale. J. G. PHINNEY, *St. Com.*

Augusta, July, 1855. 31

At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the 4th Monday of July, A. D. 1855, within and for the County of Kennebec.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will and testament of NICHOLAS SMITH, late of Windsor, in said County, deceased, having been presented by CAROLINE SMITH, the Executrix therein named, for Probate:

ORDERED, That the said Executrix give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the fourth Monday of Aug. next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest—J. BURTON, *Register.*

True copy. Attest—J. BURTON, *Register.* 31

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the Estate of

ELIZA ANN ALBEE, late of Winthrop,

in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to FRANCIS FULLER.

July 23, 1855. 31

KENNEBEC, SS.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 4th Monday of July, A. D. 1855.

JONATHAN FOLSOM, Executor of the last will and testament of JONATHAN HOYT, late of Monmouth, in said county, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the fourth Monday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy—Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 31

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of

WILLIAM GARDNER, late of Vassalboro',

in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to JETHRO GARDNER.

July 9, 1855 30

At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the 2d Monday of July, A. D. 1855, within and for the County of Kennebec.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will and testament of EDWARD S. UPHAM, late of Gardiner, in said County, deceased, having been presented by MARY P. UPHAM, the Executrix therein named, for Probate:

ORDERED, That the said Executrix give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest—J. BURTON, *Register.*

A true copy. *Attest*—J. BURTON, *Register.* 30

KENNEBEC, SS.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 2d Monday of July, A. D. 1855.

CHRISTINIA HOXIE, widow of ASA R. HOXIE, late of Sidney, in said County deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the 2d Monday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy.—Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 30

To the Hon. Judge of Probate in and for the County of Kennebec.

HUMBLY represents POLLY GARDNER, of Vassalboro', in said county, that she is the widow of WM. GARDNER, late of said Vassalboro', deceased, who died seized and possessed of real estate, in which she is entitled by law to dower; wherefore she prays that Commissioners may be appointed by your Honor to set off and assign her dower in the premises, according to law. POLLY GARDNER.

KENNEBEC, SS.—*At a Court of Probate held at Augusta, in said county, on the 2d Monday of July, A. D.* 1855.

On the foregoing petition, *Ordered*, that said petitioner give notice thereof, three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, in said county, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, to be held at Augusta, on the second Monday of August next, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest—J. BURTON, *Register.*

A true copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest—J. BURTON, *Register.* 30

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the Estate of

ELEAZER BURBANK, late of Belgrade,

in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to JAMES H. MOSHER.

June 25, 1855. 30

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, ISAAC GARFIELD, on the 24th day of May, 1850, mortgaged to WM. HUNT a certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Augusta, to secure the payment of certain notes therein named, as fully appears on the records of Kennebec County, book 161, page 501, and the conditions of said mortgage having been broken, I therefore claim to foreclose the right of redemption, and give this notice thereof according to law. WM. HUNT.

Augusta, July 23, 1855. *3w31

STRAY HORSE!

POUND KEEPER'S NOTICE.

WHEREAS, Hiram Simpson committed to pound in Winslow, June 30th ult., one dark sorrel mare about seven years old, with a white stripe in her forehead, and white spots on her back, and a breast-plate gall about the breast. After proceeding as the law requires, I offered said mare for sale this 14th day of July instant, and after inquiry, and being convinced that said mare strayed from out of Winslow, and was not owned by any inhabitant of said town, I hereby give notice that the sale of said mare stands adjourned until the thirteenth day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the store of ROBERT AYER, in said Winslow. ALFRED WOOD,

Pound Keeper of Winslow.

Winslow, July 14, 1855. *3w31

Taxes of Sidney.

THE tax bills for the year 1855 have this day been committed to me for collection; all persons who voluntarily pay their taxes before the tenth day of August will be allowed six per cent. discount; those paying after the tenth day of August next and on or before the tenth day of September next, will be allowed five per cent; those paying after September tenth and on or before November tenth will be allowed four per cent. discount.

PAUL HAMMOND, *Treas. & Collector.*

Sidney, July 10, 1855. 3w31

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY

THE FALL TERM COMMENCES AUGUST 1ST.

THE departments of the School, each of which will be furnished with a competent teacher, are, Common English, Mathematics, Natural Science, Belles Lettres, Ancient and Modern Languages, Drawing and Painting, Music, Penmanship and Book-keeping. Extra tuition will be charged for Surveying, Chemistry, Spanish, Italian, and German Languages, also for instruction in speaking the Modern Languages.

Students that can do so, are strongly advised to *board themselves*, as by so doing they can save about one-half the expense, and a large number of rooms will be furnished for this purpose, the coming term.

H. P. TORSEY, *Sec'y of Trustees.*

Kent's Hill, July 3d, 1855. 3w30

MONMOUTH ACADEMY.

THE FALL TERM of this Institution will commence on Monday, September 3d, and continue twelve weeks.

FLAVIUS V. NORCROSS, A. B., Preceptor.

Tuition.

Common English,	$3 00
Higher English,	3 50
Languages,	4 00
Drawing and Painting, (extra,)	2 00

Particular attention will be given to to those wishing to qualify themselves to teach.

Competent assistants will be employed, should the interests of the school demand.

The Academy is new and commodious, and furnished with a new set of apparatus.

Board can be obtained in good families at $2 per week. If it is desired, a club will be formed, in which the students can board at cost. M. J. METCALF, Secretary.

Monmouth, July 14, 1855. 30

The Muse.

RECRUITING.

The Dublin "Nation," which does not in the least disguise its hostility to the war, and its opposition to the general policy of the British Government, publishes a poem entitled "Sergeant Death," which is far from being calculated to aid the recruiting officer in his work. The sergeant is represented, in the closing stanzas, as thus addressing a young recruit:

"Of course, as yet, you're young and green,
But soon we'll mould your martial timber;
Till, in old murder's proud machine,
You grow a most efficient member;
We'll make you turn to left and right,
With sword and cane we'll cut and drill you,
And when you've reached perfection, quite,
We'll draft you to the war and—kill you;
You'll fight where Britain's ensign floats,
And grow a credit to your nation,
For, lad, to cut your brothers' throats
Is man's most noble avocation.

Your place till death is in the ranks:
For merit we don't care a farthing;
But while you've strength to kill, give thanks
To God for that—don't dream of starving;
Though foremost twenty times you fell
In England's service, I've a notion
You'll learn your duty far too well
To fancy you'd deserve promotion;
For though you nobly fought and won
Heroic garlands in her battle,
She'll treat you but as vilest carrion,
And drive you to the field like cattle.

So thus your sergeant gives you joy,
Although you seem a little nervous,
For you are 'listed now, my boy,
Till doomsday in the British service;
A pleasant life you'll lead, I feel—
A soldier's life that flames and flashes
'Twixt glory, grog and Russian steel,
Until, at last, it sinks in ashes.
But cheer up. Should you chance to die,
Lord! won't your grave be cheered by linnets,
While three grand rounds of musketry,
Shall roar your praise for—two full minutes.

Troop on; though round rich banners fall,
And martial sounds before ye rattle,
'Tis underneath the funeral pall
Of England you shall march to battle.
Come sister, father, mother, come—
Come, look your last, ye souls that love them;
Hush the shrill trump, the throbbing drum,
And toll the burial bell above them;
For far away the fever's breath
Shall waste, where yet no ball has smitten—
Howe'er disguised, 'tis Sergeant Death
That picks recruits this year for Britain.

The Story-Teller.

THE ESTRANGED BROTHERS.

A Story of English Life.

CHAPTER I.

The cold Christmas moon was shining on the sleeping village of Cheriton. It lit up the long, straggling street, and made every object almost as distinctly visible as at noon-day. But in the spiritual light they appeared very different. A beautiful quietude, solemn, yet serene, seemed to rest on all things. The quaint houses, with their high roofs, and oddly clustered chimneys, looked as if they brooded over the recollection of the long past times they had known; and the grand old church looked doubly reverend, with the frost-work glittering about its Norman-arched windows, and on the boughs of the huge cedar which towered beside the doorway. The moon-beams lingered lovingly about the grey walls; they fell, too, on the white gravestones in the church-yard, and made each one shine as with a still, calm smile—happy and holy. It was a night upon which thoughtful men might gaze, and feel rising in their hearts simultaneous hope for earth and aspiration to heaven.

Very quiet was the place, as the moon went on her way, looking down with her clear, chill lustre of gaze. And there was one house, isolated from the others by a somewhat extensive domain of shrubbery and garden, about which the moonlight seemed to play as if in curiosity. It was a primitive, old-fashioned abode; window shutters and blinds were few, save to the lower rooms, and the moon-beams penetrated unhindered into the chambers, and played fantastic tricks upon the walls and floors. Into one little room the elfish rays darted on a sudden, as the moon rising higher in the heavens escaped the shadow of a projecting buttress in the wall; and the pale light fell full upon a little white-draped bed, wherein lay two young boys. One, the eldest by some years, was asleep, and the quivering light fell on his face—a face every lineament of which was so full of nervous energy, that even in sleep it did not wear an expression of repose. His brother's pale, delicate features were, on the contrary, distinguished by a sort of sculptural calm.—He had a high, straight, thoughtful brow, and that sensitive mouth, which to the most masculine face always adds an almost womanlike sweetness of expression.

The two boys seemed apt illustrations of two differently constituted beings. The one all action, the other all thought; if the life of the first might be a picture, that of the second would be a poem.

The younger brother was awake. His eyes of dark, deep, liquid hazel were thoughtfully fixed upon the sleeping face beside him, and now and again, as with a tender impulse, his hands gently put aside the clustering brown curls from the broad forehead of the sleeper. Presently he drew back the white curtain, and looked out on the quiet, homely scene, stretched out in the moonlight—at the foreground of trees, leafless, but clothed in a fairy robe of rime, and (in the far distance, strangely clear that night) the wide wonder of the silent sea. He looked—his face lit up—glowed with a nameless rapture. Unuttered prayers swelled in the young heart—instinctive hopes—blessed beliefs rose unbidden to his mind.

And even while he thus gazed, and felt, and pondered in the stillness of that wintry midnight, the stillness was broken. Vibrating on the frosty air came solemn strains of music, played with untaught skill upon two or three old-fashioned instruments. It was an ancient English air, with a kind of patriarchal simplicity in its character, half carol, half hymn, which harmonized well with the place and the time. As the very voice of the quaint and peaceful village came the clear, sweet sounds, blending like a visible actuality with the wintry stars dotting the dark sky, with the snow-covered roofs, and walls, and trees, and with the pure, passionless moonlight shining over them all.

"Laurence, wake! Listen to the waits!"

It was some time before the subdued voice and the gentle touch disturbed the sleeper from his dreams. When at last he was aroused, he started up suddenly, crying aloud—

"Who calls? Oh, Willie, is it you?" he added in a sleepy tone. "What did you wake me for? 'Tisn't morning!"

"Hush! speak low! Don't you hear the music?"

There was a pause. The two boys listened in silence.

"It's old Giles Headforth with his violin-cello," at length broke in Laurence, "and John Read with his cracked hautboy, and little——"

"Ah, don't!" cried the younger boy, with a gesture almost of pain; "never mind *who* plays. It sounds so solemn now, so——"

His words died away in the intenseness of his listening.

"Queer old tune, isn't it?" presently said Laurence, "and queer old figures they look, I'll be bound, standing in the street, with red noses, and frozen eyelashes, and muffled in worsted comforters up to the chin."

He laughed and then yawned.

"I think I shall go to sleep again. These fellows don't seem inclined to leave off. I shall be tired of listening before they are of playing, I expect."

Keep awake a little longer, Laurence dear," pleaded the other. "It's only for one night, and 'tis so nice for us to hear the music, and look out upon the moonlight together."

"Very well, Willie," assented the elder boy, nipping a fresh yawn in the bud, "anything to please you, old fellow."

"There—put your arm round me—*so*," pursued Willie, always in the same hushed, whispering tone, "and let me lean my head upon your shoulder. Now, that is pleasant. We love each other, don't we, Laurence?"

And the tender, childish face looked upward, askingly.

"I should think so—slightly! You're a dear old chap, Will, though you *have* rather odd, old fashioned notions."

He stooped down and pressed a hearty kiss on his young brother's delicate face.

And then the two boys remained silent, watching the flickering moon-rays, and listening to the simple music without.

* * * * *

CHAPTER II.

There are some recollections, oftentimes trivial enough in themselves, which yet remain impressed upon the mind through a whole life, outlasting the memory of events far more striking, and more recent in their occurrence.

Laurence and William Carr grew to be men, went out into the world, and were battlers for fortune: and one of them, alas! in fighting that hard fight, became hardened in nature, so that scarce a trait remained of the generous, loving boy of yore. His soul was chilled in the stony routine of that life which is so scrupulously practical—one might almost say, material—the life of a London merchant, devoted heart and soul to his calling, and to the ambitions of his class. His old instincts were almost dead within him; his old aspirations, his boyish predilections were crushed out, effaced, as though they had never been. And yet the cold, hard, money-getting man of the world never lost the vivid remembrance of that Christmas night, years and years ago, when his little brother lay with his head leaning on his shoulder, and they listened together to the village waits.

CHAPTER III.

The brothers were separated now—worse, they were estranged. The world came between them, and stifled the frank, free love which each, though in so widely different a way, had felt for the other, ever since the childish days when they had played together about the old house at Cheriton, and prayed, night and morning, at their mother's knee.

The two boys were left orphans before William was twenty years old, and with but little with which to begin life. Laurence's desires had been all for a life of change, adventure, and travel; but instead, he was compelled to take the only opening which offered to him; and before his father's death, was established in the counting house of a wealthy relative. He soon learned contentment with his fate.—To pursue an object, be it fame, or power, or wealth, seems an inherent instinct in man's nature. It fills his energies, satisfies his restlessness, and insensibly but gratefully ministers to that vague yearning for dominion which is the inevitable birthright of every man since the beginning of the world. Laurence, shut out from worthier aspirations, found his ambition run high—to be *great* in the sense by which all those around him understood greatness. He would be rich. He would work his way to fortune, to position, to influence. Keeping that goal ever in view, he would struggle through every difficulty, force his way over every obstacle, but he would gain it at last. So he said to himself, silently, many times during the probation, when obscurity and hard work appeared to be his allotted portion then and always. But this dark period did not last long; it was not likely that it should continue. He had talents, quickness, vigor, untiring perseverance, and unfailing health. His progress was rapid. He climbed the hill with footsteps swift as they were sure, and when his father died, the old man felt easy on the score of his eldest son's prospects and ultimate success.

But meanwhile, William had remained at home, pursuing his self-imposed and dearly-loved studies; reading, thinking, dreaming his hours away in perfect happiness.

From this content he was rudely aroused to the dread realities of death and poverty. The pleasant home and the familiar faces which made it so dear, seemed to slide from him, and left him standing alone in the bleak world, which was so new and strange; like one who, reared in an Arcadia, is on a sudden thrust into the midst of the fierce turmoil of a battle.

He sought his brother—but the two natures, always different, were doubly so now, when a life of active business had hardened the one, rendering it more than ever stern and uncompromising; while years of quiet retirement had made the other yet more refined, more visionary, more sensitive. And from Laurence, the younger brother met with no sympathy in all those innermost feelings of his soul; the closest, dearest portion of himself. There was in William Carr that inexplicable, intangible *somewhat*, which marks one man among his fellows—the Poet—even though he be dumb to his life's end.

The man of business shrugged his shoulders, knitted his brows at "William's strange fancies." He did not comprehend—he did not care to do so, it seemed. The first step towards their estrangement was taken when William declined, gently and thankfully, but decisively, a situation in the same house where Laurence was now high in trust.

"It is of no use, brother; it would not be right to accept it. I am not fit for such a responsibility. It would be a wrong to my employers to burden them with my incapacity."

"You will improve. You may leave them to protect their own interests, believe me."

William shook his head.

And in brief, the elder brother found the delicate-looking youth immutable in his decision, and left him with words of impatience and anger on his lips.

His heart reproached him for it afterwards. He was not all encrusted as yet with the ossification of worldliness. The next day he again went to his brother's lodgings. But William was no longer there—he had left London, they told him; and it was not until he reached home that he received a letter of explanation:

"Dear Laurence,—I thought it best to go. Forgive me if you think it wrong. I am not able to struggle with the fierce multitude of money-getters in this dreary London. My old master, Dr. K——, has offered me a situation as classical tutor in his school. I have accepted it. It is the best thing I see to do. So farewell. Ever yours, WILLIAM."

"And *my* brother will be the paltry usher in a country school," muttered Laurence, as he crushed the letter in his hand. "Gone, too, without consulting me, his elder, his natural adviser. It is badly done."

And so the cloud between the brothers grew dark and palpable. They occasionally corresponded; but each succeeding letter, instead of drawing them nearer together, seemed only to widen the gap. They did not understand one another. Besides, Laurence was becoming a rich man—had become a partner in the house where once he was a clerk; while William still remained poor and obscure, with no prospect of his condition improving. And when the breach between any two brothers or friends exists, difference of worldly position fatally increases it.

Laurence married brilliantly, choosing his wife from a noble, but impoverished family, who were glad enough to ally their aristocratic poverty with his wealth, merchant and plebeian though he was. It was while on his wedding tour, with his handsome, but somewhat *passee* bride, that he received a letter from his brother, forwarded to him from London.

"From William—my brother," he remarked, explanatorily, as he opened it; "in answer, I presume, to the announcement of my marriage."

The frigidly high-bred lady responded by a slight bend of her long neck, and busied herself with her chocolate and muffins, while her husband perused the letter. When he had finished, he refolded it carefully, and placed it in his pocket, then turned in silence to his breakfast. His wife never noticed any peculiarity in his manner: she was one of those by whom it is seldom considered good *ton* to be observant of other people's emotions, even a husband's.—Lady Henrietta Carr was scrupulous in her attention to such points of etiquette. One more loving than she was might possibly have divined how much was concealed under the pale face, the bent brow, and the remarkably quiet voice of Laurence Carr, that morning. One more tender might even have drawn the secret disturbance forth, and pleaded the cause of the absent offender, instead of leaving the wrath to ferment hiddenly in the stern man's breast.

"I will never forgive him—never, never! I will never look on his face again. I will never give him help—we are strangers from this hour. Let him travel his own road and starve."

These hard, terrible words the brother passionately uttered, as he trod the room to and fro, when he was alone, and after again reading the letter.

"Dear Brother Laurence," (it ran)—"Your letter, with its brief announcement of your marriage, gave me great pleasure, not only for the sake of its intelligence, but because of the kindly manner in which you conveyed it to me. Perhaps, brother, it is an equal reproach to us both, that the cordiality was strange as pleasant. Let us be friends again, in heart as in name; we were so once—but it's a long while ago. In our new happiness we may surely drown all past offences; for I am also married—not to a peer's daughter; no, Laurence, with you alone will rest all the brilliancies and grandeur of life; I only ask for a little quiet—I am easily content. My wife you may remember; we all knew her when we were boys at school—Mary Elliot, who, though her father was a village tradesman, has had the education, and innately possesses the refinement of any lady in the land. I have loved her, and she me, for six years. She is an orphan, too, and has been a governess all that time. We are rich enough to commence housekeeping, though on a moderate scale. We are very happy; I pray that you may be the same with my new sister, to whom I beg to offer my affectionate regards. Mary also joins in the same to yourself, my dear brother. And believe me ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM CARR."

"The daughter of a country shop-keeper and the daughter of the Earl of Tynford to call each other sisters! And he has done this. He will repent it; he must, he shall. He is a disgrace, a shame to me. He might have been an aid—he might have helped my plans. But now—to marry *thus!*"

Such were some of Laurence's disjointed exclamations, as he tore the letter in pieces, and flung them into the fire. Then he joined his bride. In the course of the day he informed her that his brother had irremediably offended him, and that he would never speak to him or see him more. Lady Henrietta elevated her handsome eyebrows in a momentary amazement, and then restored her features to their habitual expressionless composure, and, without any remark, suffered her husband to turn the conversation.

* * * * * * *

CHAPTER IV.

Time passed on. The wealth of Laurence Carr increased yearly; his name grew glorious in the ears of business men. His house was a palace; his wife was jewelled like a queen. He himself still burrowed daily in dusty city holes, whence all his riches seemed to spring; and every year he became harder and more impassable, and more devoted to the one aim and end of his life—money-getting.

It was his sole ambition now—he had no hope, no joy in anything beyond. There was no happiness in his gorgeous home, no tenderness in his majestic and aristocratic wife. No one who looked on him would have imagined that he felt the want of love; that there was any remnant of the generous, warm-hearted boy's nature still lingering in the old grim merchant—old before his time, but hard, and cold, and piercing as a steel poignard yet. But it was so. There were moments when his thoughts wandered at their own will—when he *remembered*. The face of his mother shone on him sometimes; and then would come a flash of memory—of the old childish days. And ah, so strange! the childish feelings of those days.

And his two childen. The boy he often pictured to himself as born to continue the greatness of his family—as enjoying, like a prince, the wealth and luxury he had labored to acquire. And the fair, gentle girl, whose progress to womanhood he had followed in his thoughts; whose birth softened his harsh heart to absolute tenderness. She it was who would cling to him lovingly in after years—whose soft lips would press upon the wrinkles of his worn face—whose gentle voice would always have the power to win him out of his harder, sterner self. If either of his children had lived, Laurence Carr might have been a different man; but both these blessings which he had prayed for—dreamed as the solace and delight of his old age, were only granted to him for a brief space of time, and then left his sight forever.

The blow rent his heart sorely. It was so deep a grief, even, that at first he forgot the check to his ambition it involved. No son of his would carry his name into future ages—no descendants of his were destined to make illustrious the plebeian family HE had first raised from obscurity. When this remembrance came, it added to his affliction a something that was cold, stony, and almost defiant. Bereaved love mourns, but blighted ambition erects its head in very impotence of pride against the hand that chastises. Laurence's heart grew hardened. He buried himself anew in his grim pursuits; they seemed the be-all and end-all of his existence now. He said to himself that it was enough; he would make it enough.

Yet, spite of all his inward protestations, he looked enviously, and sometimes with a feeling less selfish than envious, at the happy parents of blooming children. He would have given well-nigh all his hard won wealth for one such boon as was so freely granted to many. Against his will he often found himself musing thus sorrowfully, yearningly. He would awake himself with stern resolves; the one-half of his nature would shrink within himself, while the other looked on it with a sardonic kind of pity.

Yet again and again came these softening reveries. It was in the midst of one of them, in the twilight of a dreary December evening, that he was roused by receiving a letter from William.

It was the first since many years, during which the stern old brother had suspended all intercourse, and had never sought to know what had become of the other. He had known somewhat, however; for William had come to London, and had commenced the new life of authorship, and Laurence had occasionally met his name in passing periodicals. But direct communication between the two had altogether ceased. He frowned as he recognized the hand.

Perhaps, had this letter come at any other time, he might have returned it unopened. Oh, men! ye who pray, pray for your fellow men whose hearts are hardened. Oh, angels! plead for them, strive for them; for verily if there be a place in all His works where God does not dwell, and where no saving spark of divinity can linger, it must be in the sterile heart of a world-hardened man.

Laurence frowned; but he tore the letter open, so soon as the servant had left the room, and he read:—

"I had almost sworn never to address you again, after that last letter you sent. In that you bade me never to trouble you more; you told me that you would neither listen to me, nor assist me, however sore my strait might be. I forgot you were my brother when I read those words; the devil rose within me, and I had uttered—what hereafter it might have withered me to think of, only my wife came up to me, and looked in my face, and, God bless her, while her eyes rested on me, I could not speak, nor even think at what was hissing at my heart. I tell you this that you may judge what it costs me to write to you now. 'I might starve,' you said. Laurence Carr, since then I have learned what starvation is like—I have travelled very near its utmost brink; it is a word the meaning of which I *know*. That would not drag me one quarter inch towards your threshold; its worst agony is not within a twentieth part of that which even the thought of addressing you for help would have cost me. But that anguish now is swallowed in a greater. I ask your help—I entreat you, I beseech you to assist me. Laurence, we are brothers, the children of one mother; do not deny me. Give to me as you would to a beggar—fling me some money into the street. I care not how, so you be not deaf to my cry—only be prompt, for death is pitiless.

"Brother! God look on you as you hearken to me. *My child is dying for want of food.* I wait.

WILLIAM CARR."

Laurence rose from his gilded chair, and traversed the luxurious chamber, wherein he had sat, stately and solitary. He opened the door—there he paused. Then, as if with a new resolution, he stepped forth into the hall.

In a remote corner, which even the brilliant lamp failed clearly to illumine, he distinguished a tall, thin figure—a pale, pinched face, with grey hair falling tangled over the broad brow. Did Laurence see *then* the vision of the bright-haired child, who slept on his breast one Christmas night long years back? Who can tell!

Howbeit, he retreated into the room before he was recognized, or even seen by his brother; and it was by a servant that he sent to William a small, but heavy packet. He eagerly seized it with a kind of smothered cry, almost like a sob, and the next instant had left his brother's house.

The child was saved; and then William had time to think on the sacrifice he had made to save it. His proud heart was torn at the remembrance that he had been a waiting petitioner in the hall of his brother's house, and had been relieved at the hands of his brother's lackey. He could not know that Laurence, hard man as he was, had tried to face him, but could not; that he had watched him as he darted away through the street; that he had thought of him often, since, with something almost approaching tenderness.

He did not know this; so he strove and toiled with desperate energy, till he could give back his brother's gold, and then returned it with a brief acknowledgement. He added—"It is best for us both to forget our humiliation, for you degraded both in me. Let us be strangers again."

* * * * * *

CHAPTER V.

The returned money found Laurence Carr a ruined man. Sudden political troubles abroad, with their inevitable consequences—two or three mistakes in home commercial policy—had wrought this great change, and he was a bankrupt. A day—two or three hours in that day—saw the fall, saw the ruin to its climax. The merchant prince was worse than penniless, for there were large debts, which all his vast possessions, all his accumulated wealth, would fail to satisfy. His wife, naturally incensed at his misfortunes, betook herself and her liberal jointure to the paternal roof, and he remained alone to combat with ruin.

Then came out the finer part of his character. With courage he encountered the host of difficulties that pressed crushingly upon him. With scrupulous (some people call it Quixotic) integrity, he gave up all he had, and quietly and simply announced his intention of paying off the residue of his debts to the uttermost farthing, if he lived. Then with proud, silent bravery he accepted a clerkship in some brother-merchant's office, took a humble lodging, and began again the life he had commenced in his early youth.

The world—even the world of business and money-getting—is not so wholly bad as we read of in novels. Laurence received many offers of assistance, and one or two good hearts persisted for a long time in following him with their active friendship. But he was not great enough to feel gratitude, or even to thoroughly appreciate their goodness. His pride was but the pride of a strong, bold, determined man. He disdained sympathy, and sullenly repulsed all offered generosity.

The wheel of fortune had made a complete revolution. While depressing one brother she elevated the other. William was growing into that *rara avis*, a flourishing author. He was sufficiently far from being wealthy, certainly, but he was at an equally safe distance from want. And now—oh, beware! ye who hastily write resentment—he felt as though he would gladly return to his old poverty, if he could only recall the few lines he had sent awhile since to his now ruined brother.

It was long before he dared to approach him with attempts at reconciliation. He felt keenly, with anguish, the fresh bitterness he had himself added to the former estrangement. If desperate then, it was surely hopeless now. Yet he tried. He wrote again and again, and his letters were returned with their seals unbroken. He laid in wait often, and essayed to speak to him—to grasp his hand. He was coldly thrust aside, without a word, without a look. He was always denied admittance at the door, when time after time he sought the poor abode where the former *millionaire* had his shelter.

One less tender, less patient than William, had been effectually repulsed with half the rebuffs he met with. But his exceeding love and yearning over his brother, besides the consciousness of having outraged that brother's pride, now that he was fallen from his high estate, smote him with an intense, sharp remorse. Only a *man* can wholly sympathise in a man's pride. William's own heart, different as it was, told him how great was the barrier he had set between them.

At length William and his wife bethought themselves of another plan. The child, the girl, that Laurence's assistance had saved from death, was now growing into a fair damsel, of some fourteen years. She was like her father, with golden hair and brown eyes, such as he had.

"He cannot turn *her* from him," said the father and mother, as with glistening eyes they watched her on her way. She led her little brother by the hand, and these two presented themselves before Laurence, as he sat reading in the quiet sunshine of a Sabbath afternoon.

"We are Willie and Alice," said the girl, timidly, looking in his face.

He knew them at once, though his eyes had never rested on them before. Alice was his mother's name, and his mother's face seemed bent on him now, longingly, yearningly.

William and his wife were right, he could not turn her from him.

"Uncle, won't you look at us?" said the pleading voice again; "won't you speak to us—me and little Willie?" chimed in the boy inopportunely.

"Go home to your father," said Laurence in a harsh, constrained voice; "I have nothing to say to you. Go home. I do not wish," he added in a softer tone, "to be unkind to you, but—but—you must leave me."

The girl stood drooping and tearful; the little boy gazed up at him with wondering eyes. He was fain to escape from them, and so passed from the room.

After that William grew hopeless. He had exhausted his stock of expedients; all his patience, endurance seemed in vain. He despaired of ever softening the obdurate heart.

Time passed on, and Laurence was untroubled by his brother. His persevering industry was working its own way, too, and he was already clear of the barren poverty he had at first experienced after his ruin. Each succeeding year found him advancing to ease again, if not to affluence, and he was stern, cold, and unbending as ever.

Another Christmastide drew near—forty-five years after that Christmas when the moon shone on the little white bed at Cheriton. It was Christmas eve, and Laurence had been detained late in the city balancing some complexed accounts. It was midnight as he wended his way homeward. It was a frosty night, and moonlight, and the suburban streets were quiet and slumberous; Laurence's footsteps echoing on the pavement, alone breaking the stillness. Somehow, without his own will, almost in spite of it, indeed, his thoughts turned back to old times, and there arose before him a vision of the quaint house in the country, where his boyhood had been passed; the large rambling garden, the big mulberry-trees, and the wood near the village where he and Willie had used to gather nuts. He and Willie!—there he frowned, and sternly refused to dwell on the retrospection. He walked quickly on, with lips sturdily compressed and brows knitted, resolved to shut his mind on all softening influences; but he could not—the thoughts came again, and would not be repulsed. He lifted his eyes to the sky, and the myriad stars were shining down on him with a kind of smile—the same smile as that of long ago. * * * * * He could not sleep that night. He lay very quiet, but with a world of busy thoughts fluttering about his heart, striving for entrance. The moonlight streamed in throug a crack in the blind, and lit up the dreary, comfortless room. Laurence closed his eyes suddenly. The moon-beams brought a remembrance with them that he would not welcome.

There came a sound of music outside in the frosty street.

The waits. And they played the old, old tune two boys had listened to, years ago at Cheriton.

Very strangely it sounded on Laurence's ears—strangest of all because it seemed so familiar. With a mysterious, irresistible power the sweet solemn strain smote on his closed heart, and even before he recognised it he had yielded to its power, and, wondering the while, felt the hot tears bubbling thickly to his eyes.

And then came thronging the recollections of the olden days—vanished the intervening years like an obscuring smoke, leaving clear and vivid the memory of the happy, innocent time, when he was a boy, and Willie was his dear brother. The pleasant home, the kind father, and—gentlest thought of all—the mother who had been wont every night to hang over her boys in their little white bed, and lingeringly kiss them ere they went to sleep. How plainly he remembered all—the childish face with its golden curls; he opened his eyes, almost expecting to see it on the pillow beside him. No! the moonlight only fell on his own thin, wrinkled hand, worn and shrivelled with the troubles and the cares of well nigh sixty years.

Prayerful thoughts, long strange to him, alas! came instinctively to his mind, and he heard, low and soft, but clear, and blending with the music in the street, the voice of his mother, sounding as of old when she read to her little sons from the large Book on her knee. He heard solemn, slow, and sweet, the Divine words—"And this commandment I leave with you, that ye love one another."

He saw the dear mother's eyes as they rested on her boys with such an infinite yearning tenderness in their depths. He could tell *now* what that earnest look meant. He could guess, too, something of what were her thoughts, when often in their childish quarrels she would draw little Willie close to her side, and then pass her arm round the strong, active, vigorous Laurence, whispering, "Don't be harsh with Willie; take care of Willie. Love each other always, my boys—my darlings."

The waits ceased—the air was silent—but there was music still in the heart of Laurence Carr.

* * * * * * *

Christmas Day at Cheriton was drawing to its close. The evening bells were ringing—the stars shone in the the dark, colorless sky. The murmur of the waves beating on the shore, came ever and anon a quiet sound and happy.

Only two days before, William Carr had come to live at Cheriton, in the old house. It was nothing altered; there were the same many-paned windows, quaint corners, and gabled ends; the same surrounding domain of garden, with the grove of trees beyond, behind which the icy moon was rising even now.

At the bay window of the oak pannelled parlor sat William and his wife, with their two children, watching the pale light trembling between the branches of the gloomy firs. The fire light flashed and glowed within the room, lighting up the pictures on the walls, the books and prints, and drawings scattered on the table, and the graceful groups of winter flowers lavishly disposed, as women love to have them—everywhere. Alice rested beside her father—his hand wandered among her bright curls; but he was looking towards the fir grove, and his thoughts had travelled back many, many years. His wife's eyes were fixed on his face; she could read the language of that sad, wistful look; she knew how eloquently everything he saw spoke to his heart of the old happy childish days—tender, pathetic memories that she also loved so dearly for his sake. The children prattled gaily for some time, but at length their voices ceased; they were subdued into stillness by the unwonted gravity of their father. Never had they seen him so sorrowful, and they marvelled in their innocent hearts; for he was happy, they knew, at coming back to Cheriton—to his old home. All the afternoon he had been pointing out to them his favorite haunts—his garden, his tree with the seat under it, and the room where he used to sleep. He had been so smiling and glad *then*. What could make Papa look grieved now?

Awed by the mystery, they gave their good-night kiss with added tenderness, but silently; and silently followed their mother from the room. But she returned almost immediately, and stole softly behind the chair wherein her husband sat, still looking forth with that silent, longing, regretful look. Even when he felt her arm round his neck he did not turn. But she spoke softly—

"Dearest, *I know*. But be comforted. It will be made right some day. Perhaps before another Christmas. God has been so good to us, he will not deny this one blessing you so crave, so pray for."

And William folded her to his heart, and smiled. Mary's voice never sounded in his ears but to create peace, or add to 'content. When she left him again the moolight fell on his face, and showed it calm, hopeful and serene.

There came a heavy tread on the stone steps, leading to the entrance-door, and then the great bell rang startlingly through the quiet house. William rose, and himself went to meet the intruder.

Fairly, clearly, purely gleamed the moonlight in at the window; warm and generous glowed the fire, revealing the pleasant, home-like aspect of the room.

So William threw back his grey hair from his brows, a boyish habit continued ever since the time of golden curls—and went to the outer door, unbarred and opened it.

A gush of chill, sharp air—the sound of the sea, like a far-off chant—the moonbeams, white on the stone porch and pavement—and a dark, stone figure standing motionless there;—this was what William felt, heard, and saw the first moment.

The next, a face looked on him, a hand was stretched towards him, and a voice uttered only one word—

"Brother!"

"William's joyful cry answered him; then, like Joseph of old, "he fell upon his neck, and wept."

And at the door where the two children had so often entered from their play, the two grey-haired men stood, the Christmas stars shining on their faces.

NEW ILLUSTRATED AND EMBELLISHED

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MAP OF MAINE,

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THIS magnificent and elaborate Map, that has been for the last two years progressing, under the auspices of two of the best Engravers in the country, as well as of distinguished Surveyors and Engineers, is now approaching completion, and will soon be ready for delivery to subscribers. In point of execution its artistic merits are such as to challenge the admiration of all. In point of accuracy and minutiæ of detail, it is the only Map that can claim to be reliable.

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A few Agents wanted.

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AMBROTYPES.

PICTURES TAKEN ON GLASS!

THESE new Pictures differ essentially from the Daguerreotype, as they can be seen at any angle, are not reversed, will not corrode, or change by time, are as permanent as the glass on which they are made, and will retain their brilliancy for ages.

Letters Patent have been obtained for the United States, Great Britain, and France, by J. A. Cutting, the inventor.

The following counties for sale:—Kennebec, Franklin, Piscataquis, Somerset, Lincoln, Waldo, and Aroostook. For particulars apply to S. N. WILLIAMS, Agent, Rockland, Me.

June 27, 1855. 4w29

KENNEBEC, SS.

Supreme Judicial Court, March Term, 8155.

ISAAC HATCH and *als. vs.* JOHN W. BLODGETT and *als.* and *trustees.* And now on suggestion to the Court that the defendants, at the time of the service of the writ, were not inhabitants of this State, and had no tenant, agent, or attorney within the same, that their goods or estate have been attached in this action, and that they have had no notice of said suit and attachment, *it is ordered*, that notice of the pendency of this suit be given to the said defendants by publishing an attested copy of this order, together with an abstract of the plaintiffs' writ, three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, a public newspaper printed at Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, the last publication to be not less than twenty days before the next term of this court, to be holden at Augusta, within and for the county of Kennebec, on the third Tuesday of August, 1855, that said defendants may then and there appear, and answer to said suit, if they shall see cause.

Attest—W. M. STRATTON, *Clerk.*

(Abstract of pltfs' writ.)

Assumpsit upon a note of hand, of which the following is a copy:

$2796 82. BOSTON, March 23, 1854.

Ten months after date we promise to pay to the order of ourselves, twenty-seven hundred and ninety-eight dollars and eighty-two cents, value received of Taylor, Wood & Co.

J. W. BLODGET & CO.

(Endorsed.)

J. W. BLODGET & Co.,
TAYLOR, WOOD & Co.,
without recourse to
HAUGHTON, SAWYER & Co.,
HATCH, THOMPSON & Co.

Pay P. E. KINGMAN, Esq., Cashier or order.

W. H. PARSONS, *Cash'r.*

The persons summoned as the *trustees* of the defts. are S. & O. C. Whitehouse, J. & J. S. Stone, Edwin Bailey, D. L. & N. G. Gardiner, Huntington & Stoddard, and A. M. & W. E. Proctor.

Date of writ Jan'y 26, 1855. Addamnum $5000.

A true copy of the order of Court, with abstract of the writ.

Attest—W. M. STRATTON, *Clerk.* 3w

Notice of Foreclosure.

SAMUEL C. GAGE of Augusta, did on the 26th day of December, A. D., 1846, convey by mortgage deed to the subscriber, a certain piece of land situate in said Augusta, on the west side of Kennebec river, and described in said deed as follows, viz: Beginning at the southwest corner of a lot of land deeded by said Morton to Jacob Hanks; from thence southerly on land owned by Gustavus A. Blake about sixty-five feet; thence easterly on a parallel line with said Hanks' south line and distant therefrom sixty feet to land belonging to the late Benjamin Piper heirs; thence northerly to said Hanks' land; thence westerly on said Hanks' south line to the bounds begun at. Said mortgage deed is dated December 26, 1846, and recorded in the Kennebec Registry of Deeds, book 149, page 446, to which reference may be had. The conditions of said mortgage having been broken, I claim to foreclose the same according to the statute in such cases made and provided.

Augusta, July 16, 1855. 3w GEO. W. MORTON.

POTASH of the best quality, for sale by 4 WM. BLACK.

THE WAY TO GET RID OF BED BUGS:

DUTCHER'S DEAD SHOT

IS an exterminator of TREMENDOUS POWER, and, unlike any similar preparation, *remains a long time*, wherever it is applied, *A TRAP READY SET*, for the destruction of the whole BED BUG TRIBE.

Sold by C. W. ATWELL, under U. S. Hotel, Portland, general agent for Maine; and sold by Druggists and dealers in Medicine everywhere. 2w31

HORSE POWERS, SEPARATORS, AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

THE subscriber continues to manufacture his Horse Powers and Separators at his old stand in Winthrop Village. He has made several improvements in them which render them still more efficient in separating grain.

He also continues to manufacture Agricultural Implements of all kinds, and in the best style, both as to workmanship and finish, such as Cultivators, Harrows, Seed Sowers, Corn Shellers, Horse Rakes, Yokes and Bows, &c. &c., all of which are sold low. A reasonable discount for cash. Orders promptly attended to. LUTHER WHITMAN.

Winthrop, June 29, 1855. 3m29

GRAVE STONES AND MONUMENTS.

THE undersigned continue to carry on the Grave Stone business at our stand in Augusta, on the West side of the Kennebec River, at the foot of Bridge street, opposite the Depot, where we keep a large assortment of the best of *Italian and Rutland MARBLE*, and the best of workmen, and will furnish at short notice,

Monuments, Grave Stones, Tomb Tables, Centre Tables, Tops, Consoles, Counters and Soap Stones.

Persons who are in want of any of the above, will find it much to their advantage to call at the Shop and select for themselves, and purchase of the owners, rather than buy of Agents.

We have discharged our traveling Agents, and decided that it would be for our interest and the interest of all our customers, to do the business ourselves, and sell at the shop at reduced prices; therefore, we pledge ourselves to sell cheaper than can be bought of agents, articles of the same quality of workmanship, and as cheap or cheaper than can be bought at any other establishment in this State.

We tender our thanks to our patrons and friends for the extensive business with which we have been favored for the last twenty years, and solicit a continuance of their patronage.

Persons that cannot conveniently call at the shop will send us their orders by mail, the kind of marble, and the size, and what they want on, they will be made according to order, and forwarded. They may be assured that they will be used as well as if they came to the shop.

GILBERT PULLEN,
CYRENIUS PULLEN.

Augusta, April 16, 1855. 1f-18

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS,

AND observe that the name of F. W. KINSMAN & CO. is on every bottle of Dr. Nichols' Cough Mixture.

DR. NICHOLS' COUGH MIXTURE

Is the *great remedy* for all diseases of the throat and lungs. And as it contains no Opium, Calomel, or any mineral whatever, it may be given with perfect safety, even to the youngest child, or the most delicate female, as an overdose will produce no more serious effect than nausea, or sickness at the stomach.

N. B. There are spurious articles in the market called Dr. Nichol-' Cough Mixture, but let it be remembered that the genuine is sold only by F. W. KINSMAN & CO., Druggists and Apothecaries, No. 7 Bridge's Block, Water street, Augusta, Me. 19

Try It—Try It—Try It!

**G.